THE NOVELLA.

A

COMEDIE.

Acted at the *Black-Friers*, by his MAJESTIES Servants, *Anno* 1632.

WRITTEN
By
RICHARD BROME.

MART.
Hic totus volo rideat Libellus.

LONDON.
Printed for RICHARD MARRIOT, and THO. DRING, and are to be sold at their Shops in *Fleet-street*, 1653.

The Persons of the *Play*.

P *Antaloni* } Two Senators.
Guadagni }
Fabritio, Sonne to *Pantaloni*.
Piso, His Friend.
Franciſco, Lover of *Flavia*.
Horatio, His Friend——
Nanulo, }
Aſtutta, } Servants to *Guadagni*.
Nicolo, Servant to *Pantaloni*.
Victoria----The *Novella*.
Jacconetta, Servant to *Victoria*.
Flavia, Daughter to *Guadagni*.
Paulo,---By-named *Burgio*.
Swatzenburgh.
Cheginno, } Two Lawyers.
Proſpero, }
Pedler, Woman.
Zaffi, an Officer.

The Sceane Venice.

PROLOGUE.

SHould I not ſpeake a Prologue, and appeare
In a ſtarch'd formall Beard and Cloake, I feare,
Some of this Auditory would be vext,
And ſay this is a Sermon without a Text.
Some thinke it ſo eſſentiall, that they ſay
Nor foole, nor Prologue, there can be no Play.
Our Author's unprovided, and doth vow,
What e're I ſay muſt ſtand for Prologue now;
Then have at Wit for once, why mayn't I be
Inſpir'd with wit, and ſence extempore?
But firſt I'le tell you, that I had commiſſion
From him to tell you that hee'l not petition
To be dubb'd Poet, for he holds it fit,
That nought ſhould make a man a Wit, but Wit,
Hee'll 'bide his triall, and ſubmits his cauſe
To you the Jury, ſo you'l judge by Lawes.
If Pride or Ignorance ſhould rule, he feares
An unfaire tryall, 'cauſe not try'd by's Peeres.
Faith be your ſelves a while, and paſs your vote
On What you underſtand, and doe not dote
On things 'bove nature or intelligence;
All we pretend to is but Mirth and Sence.
And he that lookes for more, muſt ee'ne goe ſeeke
Thoſe Poet-Bownces that write Engliſh Greeke.
Our Author aimes only to gaine you laughter,
Which if you won't, hee'l laugh at you hereafter.

THE

THE NOVELLA.

ACT I. *SCENE* I.

Enter Piſo, Fabritio.

Pi. COme, I proteſt i'le have you home againe,
And tell all to your Father, if you goe not
More chearfully on about this buſineſſe.
Fab. O *Piſo* ! deareſt (deareſt ?)only Friend,
That Name of *Father* tis, that checks my blood,
And ſtrikes a filiall Reverence through my Soule ;
Layes load upon my loynes, clogging my ſteps,
And like an armed *Angell* warnes me back.
Pi. So, ſo, he runs away to proper purpoſe
That beares his Hue and Cry in's conſcience.
Fab. It is not yet day-light : night will conceale
My ſecret purpoſes. I will returne.
Pi. Do ſo ; and damne thee blacker then the night,
Thee and thy Father too for company
Expreſſe your filiall Reverence ſo, doe ſo.
Fab. Deare *Piſo* peace.
Pi. Peace fond *Fabritio.*
Doſt thou not fly from him to ſave his Soule ?

His

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And tell all to your Father, if you goe not
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Thee and thy Father too for company
Expreſſe your filiall Reverence ſo, doe ſo.
Fab. Deare *Piſo* peace.
Pi. Peace fond *Fabritio.*
Doſt thou not fly from him to ſave his Soule ?

His

His and thine own to boot ? will not thy ſtay
(Stay not to anſwer me!) ruine your Family ;
Cut off all hope of *Bleſſing*, if not *Being*
Of your Poſterity ? and all this by obaying
A wilfull Father in a lawleſſe Marriage ;
More fatall (I foreſee't) then ere our State
Of *Venice* yet produc'd example for.

Fab. O now thou tear'ſt my very bowells *Piſo*,
Should I conſent (as I dare not deny
My over-hafty Father) to this match,
I ſhould ſubmit my ſelfe the moſt perfidious,
That ever ſhadow'd *Treachery* with *Love*.
No, my *Victoria*, ſooner ſhall this ſteele
Remove thy hindrance from a ſecond choyce,
Then I give word or thought, but to be thine.

Pi. Why flie we not to *Rome* then, where you left her,
And ſhun the danger of your Fathers Plot,
Which would not only force you break your Faith
With chaſt *Victoria*, but to wed another,
Whoſe faith is given already to another ?
Double damnation ! 'Twere a way indeed
To make your childen baſtards o' both ſides.

Fab. Can there no way be found to ſhun the danger
Of this ſo haſtily intended Marriage,
But by my flight, and the moſt certaine loſſe
Of mine inheritance ?

Pi. That would be thought on.

Fab. Stay ; who comes here ?

Muſick, and divers Gentlemen paſſe to and fro with lights, at laſt Enter Pantaloni, lighted by Nicolo, with darke Lanthorns.

Pi. Some Night-walkers, that throw
Balls at their Miſtreſſes, well of all Cities
Under the univerſall raigne of venery,
This is the civill'ſt ! in what ſweet tranquillity,

The ſubjects paſſe by and ſalute each other!
Stay, what grave beaſt, what reverend *Gib* is that?
(I'th' name of darkneſſe) dropt out of a gutter?
O age what art thou come to!
Fab. Pray forbeare.
Pi. Looke there *Fabritio*, *Venus* can it be?
Feb. Come y'are deceav'd.
Pi. Nay now I know I am not,
For by that little loving glimpſe of light
That leads him on, *Fabritio*, tis thy Father.
Fab. I pray thee peace.
Pi. What will this City come to?
A young man ſhall not ſhortly venture to
A vaulting Schoole for feare he jumpe in the
Same ſadle with his Father, to the danger
Of his old bones.

Enter Franciſco, and Horatio.

Stay here comes more. This is
Some ſpeciall haunt! ſure tis the habitation
Of the *Novella* lately come to Town,
Which drawes the admiration of all
The Rampant Gallantry about the City!
Fab. They ſay ſhee's yet a Virgine.
Pi. And is like
So to continue, ſtill ſhee prove ſtale fiſh,
At the rate ſhee's ſtamp'd for: for ſhe has ſet
Such a large price upon her new nothing,
That Venery and Prodigality are at ods
About her, it ſeemes thy *Father* could not bargaine.
Fab. Fie! 'twas not he.
Pi. Not hee! peace and ſtand cloſe.
Fran. Is ſhee ſo rare a Creature, this *Novella*?
Ho. Rare? above excellent (man) it is unpoſſible
For a Painter to flatter her, or a Poet to bely her
In ayming to augment her beauty: For

I saw her that can judge:
Pi. Now if a man
Were to unkennell the handsomest shee Fox
In *Venice*, let him follow these doggs. Sure
Shee is earth'd hereabouts. They have the sent.
Fran. You have not seene her often?
Hor. Onely thrice
At Church, That's once for every day, that shee
Has beautified this City.
Pi. What rare helpe
May this be to *devotion*, that he speaks of!
Fran. And all this *Beauty*, and this seeming *vertue*
Offer'd to sale?
Pi. I thought 'twas such a peece.
Hor. Thence only springs the knowledge of her worth
Marke but the price shee's cry'd at: two thousand Duccats
For her Maydenhead, and one moneths society.
Pi. What a way, now, would that money reach
In Buttock-beefe.
Hor. Shee is indeed for beauty,
Person, and Price, fit onely for a Prince:
I cannot thinke a lesse man then the *Duke*
Himselfe must beare her; and indeed 'twere pitty
That shee should sinne at lesse advantage.
Fran. Why do *we* then make way to visit her
By our expence in Musick?
Pi. A wary whore-master: I like him well:
A penneyworth for a penny would be look'd for.
Hor. Why *Francisco*? Why?
Pi. Francisco! is it hee?
Hor. Although her price be such to be sold for
In ready money, shee is yet allow'd
To give herselfe for love if shee be pleas'd.
Who knowes how well shee may affect a man

(As here and there a Woman may by chance)
Onely for *vertue*? That's worth our adventure,
But I wish rather we could purchace her
At the set price betwixt us for a twelvemonth
Our friendship should not suffer us to grudge
At one anothers good turnes.

Pi. There's love in couples,
What whelpes are these? sure this *Francisco* is
The late forsaken lover, betroth'd to *Flavia*
Whom now thy Father would so violently
Force thee to marry.

Fab. Would he had her *Piso.*

Pi. O here they pitch, stand close, wee'l heare their Musick.

Song.

Hor. Come sad *Francisco*, wee'l to morrow see
This Miracle of nature, whose meere sight
Will wipe away the injury thou sufferd'st
In *Flavia*; and make thee quite forget her.

Pi. Tis he, and I will speake to him.

Hor. Good forbeare.

Pi. *Francisco* must not so forget his *Flavia.*

Hor. What are you?

Pi. Men, that would have you be so,
And not to wanton out your holy vowes *Drawes*
Dancing your selfes to th'Devill.

Fran. VVhat doe you meane?

Pi. I meane, *Francisco*, you too much forget
The love you bore to *Flavia*, shee to you,

Hor. Shee has forsaken him, and is bestow'd
(Forc'd by the torrent of her fathers will)
On young *Fabritio*, *Pantalonies* Sonne.

Pi. Here stands the man denies it, speake *Fabritio.*

Fab. Not that I undervalue *Flavius* worth,
But not to violate her faith by breach

Of mine, were all this signiory her dowry
(Here is my hand *Francisco*,) i'le not wed her.
Fran. I must embrace you sir.
Hor. And Gentlemen,
My Lodging is not farre, please you retire,
And there repose your selves untill the light
That now is near at hand, shall point you forth
A way to future comfort; you shall finde
Good wine and welcome, please you to accept it
Pi. Your offer sir is large: yet let me aske
If we may rest securely for a day;
Lurke close and private, till the appointed houre
For this forc'd Marriage be over-slipp'd,
In case that our necessity may require it?
Hor. I understand you, Take mine honor of it.
Pi. Be cheard *Fabritio*, thou shalt not to *Rome*,
VVe may prevent thy danger nearer home.
Now night we thanke, and follow thee away
(As being thy servants) from th' approach day.
Hor. You conclude well, lovers and sprights are
Night-walkers, warn'd away by th' morning Starre. *Ex.*

ACT I. *SCENE* II.

Enter Guadagni in his Study. *A Taper, Baggs, Books, &c.*

Gua. VVHilest yet the Leaden fingerd god of sleepe
Keeps close the eye-lids of phantastick *youth*,
Feeding their airy fancies with light dreames,
Of wanton pleasures, giddy, vaine delights,

The

The ever watchfull cares of aged Parents
Throw ope the gates and windowes of ſoft reſt,
Making our midnight noone, to guard and order
The wholſome fruits of our continuall labour.
VVholſome and happy off-ſprings of my paines
Thus I ſalute you and implore your ſafty,
And thus that you may reſt, grow and increaſe
Mine eyes prevent the breakers of your peace.
But ſee the morning haſtens to relieve me!
Day ſpreads apace, and warmes the provident hand
Doe out the uſeleſſe taper. Hoe! what hoe!

Enter Nanulo, Aſtutta.

Nanulo! *Aſtutta!* is it midnight with you?

Nan. Your ſervants are all here and ready ſir.

Gua. About about, you drowſy headed drones,
VVhere is my Daugher?

Aſt. Up and ready too ſir.

Gua. Sirrah haſte you to *Pantalonies* houſe.

Nan. The rich *Magnifico?*

Gua. VVho elſe, you Rat?
Tell him I doe attend his comming hither,
To expedite the worke we have in hand.

Nan. It ſhall be done ſir, pleaſe you give me paſſage.

Gua. Here take the Keys; lock the dore after him
Then call my Daughter to me.

Aſt. See ſhee's here ſir. *Ex. Nan. Aſt.*

Gua. *Flavia* my Girle, ſee how my early care
Provides for thee, The toyle of many yeares
By dayly travaile, and my nightly watches
Lies here in readineſſe to build thy fortune.
And take it willingly, ſince thou conſentſt
To match unto my will; whereby this Coyne,
Thy ſelfe, and both our joyes may finde increaſe.
I can no leſſe then thanke thee *Flavia*,
Although I muſt confeſſe, my ſute was long,

And

And grievous to me, ere thy childish will
Yeilded to my appointment of a husband:
For whom (with no small joy I speak't) thou didst
Cast off (indeed) the off-scum of his blood
The poore, degenerate in fortune, fellow,
I scorne to name him.

Fla. Alas my *Francisco*——

Gua. By which thou gain'st the Nonpareil of heires
In all this wealthy City.

Fla. Sir tis not
The Riddance of the one, to gaine the other,
Both which are equall blessings unto me
Can ad unto my present happinesse
More, then the thought of your paternall wisdome,
VVhose provident care was author of this good:
Chiefly to you I therefore wish the comfort.

Gua. It will be so: I finde it my deare child
For though thy joy I know will be abundant
Mine must exceed, that includes thine with it.
VVhy smil'st thou *Flavia*? to think how deare
Thy *Hymeneall* day, to morow is?

Fla. No I could weepe for that.

Gua. How! ha! whats that?
This money's mine againe, and thou art not
If thou dost wish one dayes procrastination,
Degenerate brat, changeling——

Fla. Deare Father—Father——

Gua. Th'ast seene thy last of happinesse: all content
From this black minute, and thy selfe are strangers.

Fla. Sir, I beseech you heare me——

Gu. Get you in
I'le mew you up where never Sun shall show
Into what endlesse misery i'le cast thee;
Nor any sound bring succour to thine Eare.
To call thee back from torment.

Fla.

Fla. Sir,——deare ſir——
Gua. My ſelfe will be your Keeper, Cook, and Carver.
Fla Indeed you will be ſorry.
Gua. Sorry ! for what ?
Fla. For the miſtake you run away withall.
Gua. Didſt thou not ſay thou wept'ſt, becauſe to morrow was come ſo nigh ?
Fla. So nigh and yet not come ſir,
Fearing how many dangerous houres are thither.
Gua. Ha !I beginne to be now ſorry indeed.
Fla. Loves Minutes ſir, are dayes, and houres are years,
When each protracted, multiplies our feares.
Gua. Now I am ſorry with all my heart; and here's a
Thouſand checqines to expiate my treſpaſſe.
But do not let thy husband know of them
Till he redeeme a fault to their full value.
Oh mine own Girle, my honey, honey Girle:
Fla. Was not I ſir applauding of your wiſdome,
And giving you the glory of my comfort
In this approved match ?
Gua. Thou didſt, thou didſt,
With teares of joy I muſt confeſſe thou didſt.
Fla. Had you but heard me out, I had magnified
My fortune, ſprung out of your providence.
Gua. Speake yet, and I will heare attentively.
Fla. Firſt then, how firſt your admirable wiſdome
Weighing how I had ſetled my affection
Upon *Franciſco*, excellent in parts,
Of noble blood, how ever low in fortune,
You gave your free conſent (knowing your eſtate
To be a portion fitter to reſtore him
Unto the dignity of his Anceſtors,
Then to be added to anothers Muck-hill)
That I ſhould be his wife——
Gua. What's this you ſay ?

Fla. Nay deare sir flie not off.
Gua. Well, on then, on.
Fla. I say you gave consent, that I should be
Wife to that noble Gentleman (pray sit still sir)
As you had foreseene my future happines
Only in him consisted ——sir untill
This wealthy heire, young *Fabritio*,
Your Neighbour Tradesmans Son, of great estate,
Was by his father tender'd unto you
For me a husband, then unseene by mee:
But since I must confesse a proper man,
Worthy a fitter Wife——
Gua. Sweet Modesty.
Fla. But that your wisdome needs will have it so,
By reason that his heapes may purchase honour,
Which to'thers wants can never wash away,
But farewell him: I must looke this way now;
And crown your wisdome with this closing point,
That whereas I betroth'd was to *Francisco*,
And *Pantalonies* Sonne unto another,
(A Lady as tis justified at *Rome*)
You force me on this man, the fittest husband
On whom to make my party good hereafter,
Who shall not dare to upbraide my breach of faith.
Gua. And ist not a sound policy my *Flavia*? *A Bell*
But now no more; old *Pantaloni* comes, *rings.*
I take it. How now! dos he not come?

Enter Nannlo.

Nan. Signor *Pantaloni*, sir, intreats you
Meet him on the *Rialto* instantly,
That you may goe to the Advocates together.
Gua. It is my *Flavia* interchangeably
To seale your Marriage covenants; make thee happy,
Looke to my house and havings; keepe all safe,
I shall be absent most part of this day.

Be carefull Girle, thine own ſpeciall good
Requires thee to't: and therefore I dare truſt thee.
Fla. Happy ſucceſſe attend you ſir, whilſt I
Reſt here in prayers for you.
Gua. Thanks my child,
Come ſirrah lock the doore. But firſt (dee hear)
Beware that none have entrance in my abſence
Except *Fabritio*, *Pantalonie's* Sonne;
Or ſuch as I have warranted, looke to it.
Nan. With due reſpect.
Gua. Come lock the doore I ſay. *Exit.*
Fla. I, I, be ſure of that, and I could wiſh
My thoughts were priſoners too: that they might fly
No further then the caſement, or the wicket;
Where they (looſe things) get out, and nothing bring
Back to this heart, but cold and ſad returnes:
O my *Aſtutta*——

Enter Aſtutta.

Aſt. Now or never helpe me!
Fla. As thou didſt ever dreame what true love was,
Fancy ſome way to quit me of this bondage;
Or elſe contrive this houre to be my laſt.
Aſt. What! would you diſobey your *Father*? what!
So good, ſo carefull, and ſo wiſe a *Parent*?
Fla. O doe not vex me into longer life.
Either ſpeake helpe, or let me die in ſilence.
Aſt. Yes, at ſixteene; you would die at ſixteene?
Fla. Elſe let thy pitty of my youth preſerve me.
Aſt. O *Cupid* what a *Termagant* tyrant art thou
Over poore ſubjects of ſixteene! There is not one
Among a hundred of thoſe tickliſh *Trifles*
But is more taken with a *Toy* at ſixteene
Then ſix and twenty: becauſe by that time
The edges of moſt maydenheads are allayd.
Fla. Nay deare *Aſtutta* haſt thou thought a courſe?

Fla. Nay deare sir flie not off.
Gua. Well, on then, on.
Fla. I say you gave consent, that I should be
Wife to that noble Gentleman (pray sit still sir)
As you had foreseene my future happines
Only in him consisted ——sir untill
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But is more taken with a *Toy* at ſixteene
Then ſix and twenty: becauſe by that time
The edges of moſt maydenheads are allayd.
Fla. Nay deare *Aſtutta* haſt thou thought a courſe?

Ast. What to prevent your Father, my good Master?
Thinke you I can turne traytor to his trust,
And crosse his purpose for your Marriage?
Fla. If Knife, or Poyson, Fire, or Water may
Remove this wretched cause, i'le do it else.
Ast. Yes, you were best leape from the top o'th'house
Into the *Cavail grande:* and there perhaps
Some courteous *Gondaliar* may catch you up,
And waft you to some house of deare delight.
Fla. Thou torturst me.
Ast. You see the doore is shut,
And *Go-by-ground* your fathers Giant here
More sterne then *Cerberus* holds fast the Key,
You can make no excursion; nor let in
Any attempt for your redemption:
No Letter or a Message can approach you,
But by this Gyant-dwarfe your Fathers Agent,
Though I my selfe were wicked to assist you.
Fla. O couldst thou be so vertuous! Then I know
Some quaint devise would issue from thy braine
To conjure and controwle his weaker spirits.
Thou knowst I have command of Gold and Jewells
Enough to buy a Senators large conscience:
Doe thou command it all to win him to us,
That petty thing. Dos he appeare bribe-free?
Is he the only officer uncorrupted?

Enter Nanulo.

Nan. Madona Flavia newes.
Fla. What I beseech you?
Nan. From your elected Bridegroome, brave *Fabritio.*
Ast. Dissemble patience as you are a woman,
Or hope to be; and heare him handsomely.
Fla. How dos hee *Nanulo?*
Ast. That was well said.
Nan. VVell and respectfull towards you it seemes,

For

For hee desires you not to stir abroad,
As I could wish you would not——
Fla. Insolent slave!
You know I may not stir beyond the Key
You keepe, and yet you wish me stay within.
Ast. VVill you marre all? the reason?
Nan. The reason is, he meanes to send anon
A *Mercadante* from the *Merceria*,
The famous Pedler woman of this City
VVith her most precious wares; for you to choose
VVhat you shall like, and take them, as his presents,
(A ceremony us'd on wedding Eves)
Such Rings, such Things, such Knacks, such Knots & Bobs;
Such Curles, such Purles, such Tricks and Trilly bubkins
As Mayds would turne no Mayds almost to see 'hem!
And can you yet be angry at such newes
VVith me the gladsome bringer?
Ast. Very good!
I have heard of this rare Pedler-woman;
And that shee is much us'd in close affaires
Twixt parties *Hee* and *Shee*; and doe not doubt
Since you make golden offers (gentle Mistresse)
To worke her to your ends, as neare (dee marke?)
As womans wit may reach at such a pinch,
Pray let her come.
Fla. VVell sir, you know I shall not stir abroad;
VVhen shee is come shee's welcome with my thanks.
Returne so by the messenger.
Nan. Most readily. *Exit.*
Ast. Now Mistris if I chance to set the sadle
On the right horse; that is, to place your Mayden-head
VVhere you would faine bestow it, I trust you will
Out of your store reward me with a dowry
Fit to convey me to a *Tradesmans*-Bed.
Fla. Yes, and wish there a second Maydenhead,

On the condition.

Ast. Well, be chearfull then,
And cleare those cloudy looks, awake your senses,
Refresh your temples, rowse invention up.
I have found ground to build on; but there lacks
Much rewing, squaring, joynting, to make sure,
Against all stormes, our lofty Archi'ture,
Come up to councell?

Fla. Now thou comforts me. *Exeunt. Omn.*

ACT II. *SCENE* I.

Enter Pantoloni, Guadagni, Nicolo, with a Zaffies habit under his arme.

Pan. IS this *Checquino's* house, your Advocate?
Gua. It is, and *Prospero* your learned Councell
Is with him here, attending too, our comming.

Pan. Tis well, Give me my writings *Nicolo*,
Please you to enter: I'le dispatch my man, *Exit. Guad.*
And follow instantly. Now *Nicolo*,
About the serious busines *Nicolo*,
In which this morning I instructed you.

Nic. For your revenge sir.

Pan. Right my Apprehension
On that discourteous, cursed *Curtezan*,
Twill breed me more delight, then all the dalliances
I could have found in her most free ambraces;
I hug my quick and sweet invention for it;
Here take this *gold*; this bright refulgent *gold*,
Twenty Checquines, and promise twenty more
On the performance of the brave exploy't

Twill

Twill take unto my wish, I doe foresee't.
Nic. Twill be sir, such a notable Revenge
That the report of it in after-ages
Will either mortifie concupiscence
In young lascivious Harlots; or, at least,
Fright out of'em their itch of wronging age:
They shall no more dare to put youthfull tricks
On yeares, and gravity.
Pan. Right my *Nicolo.*
Nic. Sli'd sir, and if you should not be revengd,
An old man should not step in the *Bordello*
Without the taunts of Boyes and Gondeliers,
Crying take heed, old man, you be not serv'd
As the *Movella* fitted *Pantaloni.*
So, in short time, the City were well serv'd
When age shall be asham'd to crawle to lechery.
Pan. Right, witty Knave. Go heartily about it,
Thinke what a Master tis thou dost it for,
That has no slender tie upon thy duty;
One that has bred thee from a youngling up
To this maturity.
Nic. I must acknowledge it.
Pan. And *Nicolo,* it was no petty kindnes
To manumize your Father from the Galley
Which you cannot forget.
Nic. Yet must I heare it——?
Pan. But i'le urge thee no further. Boy be carefull;
Worke but this for me with effect and speed,
And bind me as a Father to thy need. *Exit.*
Nic. You have even spoyl'd all now. I had as good a mind
And thought to ha' gone as heartily about
This peece of villany as the Devill, that
Is in my Master could devise, or wish
Till that ore-doing spirit put me out;
Could he not see 'twas well; and mischievous

Enough in conſcience, but himſelfe muſt croſſe it?
Dos he thinke by redeeming of my Father
To ſlave me with his boaſts, and foule upbraydings?
Had he ſtill rowd i'th' gally, I not knowing,
The toyle, the ſmart and griefe had been his own:
Now I inherit what was then his paine,
Hearing continually the claſh of's care,
And his fell ſtripes, out of this Bablers mouth,
Which more then kills my thanks; it wreaks my Spleen.
To brag of benefits one hath beſtowne
Doth make the beſt ſeeme leſſe, and moſt ſeem none:
So often times the greateſt curteſie
Is by the doer made an injury.

Enter Fabritio.

Fab. *Nicolo* well met. I ſaw you houſe my Father,
And waited for you. Come you ſhall draw neare.
This is a neare friends Lodging Gentlemen, (*Piſo, Franciſco, Hora. at a Table, Wine, &c.*
My fathers ſpeciall man I told you of;
Pray bid him welcome.
Hor. Moſt intirely,
Pleaſe you to ſit ſir: Here's a ſhort potation.
Pi. But good *Lyatico* I aſſure you ſir
I'le be your taſter to quit feare of danger, *Piſo drinks.*
And now i'le let you know we have made oath
Upon this nimble maſter of invention
This ſprightly liquor to be firme, and faithfull
To one another in a preſent project.
Take you the ſame, and grow in one with us.
Nic. May I not aske what end your project aimes at?
Fra. Nor what, nor unto whoſe——
Pi. Let it ſuffice,
We carry that about us ſhall end you, *They draw Stillettoes*
And preſently, if you comply not with us.
Nic. Nay, nay, by faire meanes Gentlemen I pray.
I am apt enough to miſchiefe of my ſelfe.

Looke

Looke yee. I ſweare with you. *He drinks.*
Hor. Tis well. Now know
Tis for the good of your young Maſter here.
Nic. Then you would uſe me in ſome treachery
Againſt my old one.
Pi. Thou art a Soothſayer.
Nic. Look you, i'le ſweare againe, I like your oath,
Your deep *Lyatick oath* here, wondrous well. *He drinks*
Fab. Tis well done *Nicolo*: try the bottome of't — *thrice*
Nic. I will comply now and complot with you,
And was indifferently prepar'd before.
Provided alwayes that it tend not to
Danger of's Life.
Fab. Couldſt thinke me ſuch a Villaine ?
Nic. Nay, if it were, 'twere no diſparagement
To ſtake my head with yours. But Gentlemen,
Pleaſe yee fall roundly now upon the buſines,
I have now ſworne enough.
Pi. Then you muſt anſwer
To theſe intergatories. Firſt do you know
If the old men *Guadagni* and *Pantaloni*
Doe hold their purpoſe for their match to morrow
Betwixt *Fabritio* here, and *Flavid* ?
Nic. They are marying of 'em now at their Lawyers,
By Deed and Covenant, under Hand and Seale.
I left them, and their Bookes there now together,
And for the Prieſt to morrow is the day.
Hor. Is not *Fabritio* miſt at home this morning ?
Nic. No, not at all, the old man's mind's ſo carried
Upon the wings of this new marriage-fortune——
I cry you mercy ſir, you are the Gentleman
I thinke, that ſhould have had her.
Fra. In good time ſir.
Nic. In good time may you. I'le do ſomething for you.
Fab. Honeſt, deſerving *Nic.*

Nic.

Nic. Sir thus it is:
My Master sent in my young Masters name,
(The more to indeare his service and his care
To the young Lady) that the Merchanteſſe,
The rich Shee-pedler of the *Merceria*
Should visit her to day with all her wares,
For her to take her choyce to deck her Brideſhip;
If you know how to plough now with that Heyfar
You may herhaps convey a meſſage to her.
Hor. I know her, and will fit you with directions.
Fra. Thou haſt given a hint, for which I will renown thee.
Pi. But *Nicolo*, where was your reverend Maſter
Attended by your ſelfe before day-light?
Fab. Prithee inquire not further, 'twas not he:
Nic. The doubtfull light deceav'd you ſir.
Pi. No more then Noon ifaith, a man may ſpie
An old whore-maſter in the darkeſt night
Like an old Cat, by th'gloring of his eyes.
Will his old Mutton-mongerſhip nere leave?
He is already known ſufficiently
Thorough the City for his gift that way;
And yet he will deny his ſonne free choyce,
And force him marry one hee not affects.
Hor. That is his drift, whereby he may inherit
From him the ſame licenciouſneſſe; and make
The World acknowledge him the more his Son.
Pi. But has he made the purchace? has he bought
The famous peece of fleſh, the rare *Novella*?
Nic. I could unſhale a plot.
Hor. Nere doubt but doe't then,
Pi. My noble *Nicolo* out with't I ſay.
Ni. I would intreat the favour of this *Senate*
I might unfold it only unto one.
Fra. Take your free choyce.

Nic.

Nic. To you young Maſter then,
Take heede wee render not ridiculous
Your Father to the wildneſſe of their youth:
But to your ſelfe I will diſcloſe a ſecret
That may be wrought to your advantage.

Fab. On.

Nic. Tis true, my Maſter was with the *Novella*
Drawne by the looſe deſires of wanton fleſh;
But ſuch a foule affront he did receave
As juſtly doth provoke his dire revenge,
Which he hath truſted me to execute.

Fab. How *Nicolo?* but firſt what was th'affront?

Nic. He bargain'd with her; and for ſome large price
Shee yeilded to be his. But in the night
In the condition'd bed was laid a *Moore*;
A hideous and deteſted *Blackamore*,
Which he (demanding light to pleaſe his eye,
As old men uſe all motives)
Diſcoverd and inrag'd, forſooke the houſe;
Affrighted and aſham'd to aske his coyne againe.

Fab. But ſeekes Revenge! How, how, good *Nicolo?*

Nic. Thus ſir, you know what common diſrepute
Falls upon Man or Woman that is found
Converſing with the common City-hangman,
That neareſt Kinred after ſuch converſe,
Shun their ſociety, as they would doe him
(The Hangmans ſelfe) ſo odious are they held
Except it be thoſe officers allowd
By the *State-publick* to negotiate with him.

Fab. I know it *Nicolo.* But what can follow?

Nic. Tis plotted that the Hangman ſhall go to her,
And be diſcover'd with her in ſuch ſort,
As her diſgrace ſhall force her fly the City,
And I have undertaken to effect it.

Fab.

Fab. It must be then by bribing of the Hangman:
And how canst thou do that with thine own safety?
Thou mayst be so discoverd and so hated.

Nic. For that observe the politique invention
Of my old Master! the habit of a *Zaffi*,
One of th'inferiour Ministers of Justice,
That walkes betweene the *Senate*, and their Friend
The Executioner of their commands.

Fab. But what disguise shall shrowd the Hangman thither, whose own shape is as horrid as the Plague?

Nic. The habit of some stranger in the City,
Which here is gold to purchace.

Fab. Thou hast inform'd,
Nay more thou hast inspir'd mee *Nicolo*!
I shall find way by this, to breake the contract
My Father would inforce; preserve his credit,
And save the poore *Novella* from the same
My father threatens by his own disgrace
Be then but true to me.

Nic. Sir, if I faile——

Fab. Enough: I'le trust thee. Keepe the gold thy self:
Give me this Habit. Get thy selfe another
In all points like it, and in that returne
Unto my Father, confidently tell him
The Hangman undertakes it, and at five,
Soone in the Evening, in strangers habit,
He will accost her.

Nic. Sir——

Fab. I'le see't perform'd,
Trust to my word and care, and thy reward.

Nic. I leave all to you sir. And crave my dismission.

Pi. What! Has he done?

Fab. Most friendly. Farewell *Nicolo*. *Exit. Nic.*
He has given me plot enough, if I but worke it;

And

And it produce not Comick ſport i'th' end
I muſt ſubſcribe my Wit is not my Friend,
I muſt crave your aſſiſtance Gentlemen.
Hor. We have beene plotting too.
Fra. And though our project run not the ſame way,
It may conclude with yours to crown the day.
Pi. So to your ſeverall wayes.
Hor. I am for the *Novella.* *Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT II. *SCENE* II.

Victoria above, looking in a Glaſſe, Jacomo, Paulo, by-named Burgio.

Vic. SO I am ready: And truſt me *Jacconetta*
My pretty Moore, (for ſo I ſtill muſt call thee
For thy deare Maſters ſake that gave thee to me)
Thou art grown skilfull in theſe quaint attires,
So lately unacquainted with my wearing:
Thou haſt plaid the good beginner at this dreſſing,
And by thine induſty and further practiſe,
I doubt not but my Knowledge will grow ripe.
Pau. And by that Knowledge, you your ſelfe ſoone rotten. *Aſide.*
O! could theſe Creatures grow ſtill towards ripeneſſe;
Or, being ripe, abide ſo, and no further,
What excellent fruit they were!
Vic. VVhat ſay you *Borgio*?
Pau. I ſay among the twenty thouſand *Curtezans*
In and about this City, none becomes
The dreſſing, or the habit like your ſelfe;
Your moſt unparallel'd ſelfe! But, nobleſt Lady,

Thinke

Thinke tis your perſon beautifies the Dreſſe,
Not it, your perſon.

Vic. Why not it my perſon?

Pan. Yes, as the flame the fuell;
To worke it into coales, and ſo to aſhes.

Vic. Still *Borgio* in your old morality!

Pan. Theſe Tires, theſe Chaines, theſe Paintings, and theſe Gawds
Are but the ſprigs and leaves, the butchers uſe
To ſet out fleſh to ſale with; or, at beſt,
But the gay *Garlands* which adorne the Beaſt
Prepar'd for Sacrifice———

Vic. Peace *Borgio*, peace.

Pan. And as thoſe Beaſts, ſo ſenſeleſſe are you women
Of the moſt certaine danger you put on,
With your vaine glorious gayety; chips and ſtrawes,
To kindle fire of luſt, in whoſe lew'd flame
Sinkes (with *Troyes* Buildings) *Natures* choyceſt Flame.

Vic. I would I underſtood this miſery!
Deale freely with me *Borgio*, what new art
Haſt thou in practiſe, that thou ſetſt a face
Shiningly varniſh'd with Divinity
On a profeſſion, that makes Nature vile
In her own ſhame? Luſt's inſtrument!
Nay caſe of inſtruments, holding all meanes
For propagation and maintaining of it;
To make thy Gaine out of its dregs and fragments.
Tell me, doſt thinke by preaching modeſty
To quit thee of the baſeneſſe of thy trade;
A poore neceſſitous *Brave*? or haſt hope
To live upon my honeſty, and yet be ſtill
Thy ſelfe a *Ruffiano*?

Pan. I would give o're, would you; and change my Function.

Vic. Ha,ha,ha,——

Jac. What meane you *Borgio*, would you now ſpoile all ?
Did you inſtruct her in this way of profit,
And no leſſe pleaſant too, then profitable
(As moſt of my Bookes titles are) whereby
Shee was ſo well reſolved to goe on——

Pan. Hold thy peace foole : ſhee will runne on the faſter.
Thou knowſt not how much harme, preaching has done
'Mongſt women. She will prove the only Sweep-ſtake
In all the City.

Jac. O are you there Devill ?

Vic. Sir, leave this grumbling, or i'le turne you off
Amongſt your Brothers, and your Sons *Ruffianos*,
To lurch i'th' night betwixt eleaven and two
To rob and drown for prey ; till being taken
Imediate Hanging followes.

Pan. I'm now your Creature ;
My noble reſolute Miſtris ; now I adore you :
Now you ſhine bright ; your bravery now becomes you,
Yet (let me tell you under faire correction)
I have ſome cauſe to hinder your deſires,
And theyrs that ſeeke you more, yet, for a time.

Vic. Your reaſon ſir ?

Pan. You know I was preferrd to you for a *Bravo*
Of long and deare experience : I have ſerv'd
Six, the moſt famous *Dames*, this City bred
Theſe ſixty yeares ; none ſcorning my adviſe,
By which, and their endeavours they grew up
To purſe the price of *Providences* ; which beſtowd
The moſt in publique, ſome in pious uſes
Purchac'd them fame, almoſt Canonization.
The laſt and leaſt of them, *Margarita Emiliana*
Founded the *Auguſtinian Monaſtry*

I ſhowd you late; where ſhee has daily prayers.
Theſe women, whom ſucceſſively I ſerv'd,
Fell not by raſh adventure unto all
Great *Fortunes* offers; but by ſound adviſe
(Which kept their Bodies ſound and 'rich'd their coffers)
Were long e're they embrac'd; by which their price
And beauty grew of greater eſtimation,
My profit in this too is unneglected:
For long ſuſpenſe, and tedious Expectation
Bring me more certaine fees; where, if you fell
Imediatly to work, my work were done,
And your own too, perhaps too ſoon: witnes the falls
That *Pox* and *Poverty* have brought on many!
When their youths flame was ſpent and they rejected,
When others of their *Siſterhood* were embrac'd
Into a wholſome *Nunnery*.

Vic. This fellow ſpeakes my thoughts. *Borgio*, I thought
You had reſpect to your particular profit
In all this winding warineſſe for my good.

Pan. You may conceive, 'twould grieve me, that (where now
You have continuall new, and bounteous ſuitors,
That yeild me fees for the bare ſight of you)
You ſhould in yeilding to their common uſe
Send one man cloyd away, t'affright another
From his approach.

Vic. Borgio, no more of this,
A deare friend put you to me, for whoſe ſake
I hitherto have follow'd your adviſe,
In hoyſting up the price of my *virginity*.

Jac. To ſuch a rate no common purſe dares venture,
Nor common folkes preſume t' approach the houſe.

Vic. And ſuch as did attempt, by offring leſſe,
I have ſent back with ſhame; as the old *youth*
Laſt night, for which I thanke thee *Jacconetta*.

Jac.

Jac. I thinke I coold his grave concupiſcence.
Vic. And therefore, doubt not, carefull *Borgio*,
Unleſſe I meet a husband by the way
I will not ſtoope this moneth at a leſſe rate,
Then the propoſed ſum and your conſent.
Pau. I thanke you more then if you had poſſeſs'd
Me of the value of that ſum propos'd.
Jac. He meanes her Maydenhead! Ifaith good ſir,
The mark's grown out of your old chaps, or elſe
Hang me if I believ'd you, by that little
I know of man.
Vic. So now about our buſineſſe.
Some of my viſitants I know are neare,
Wayt circumſpectly *Borgio*.
Pau. You need not doubt me. *Exit.*
Vic. There is ſome hidden vertue in this fellow,
Or dangerous ill: but whether let it be;
As was my Birth my purpoſe ſhall be free.
Make fit my Chamber *Jaconet*. But firſt
Give me my Lute; and ſet me for the ſigne
Of what I meane to be, the fam'd *Novella*.

Song.

Whilſt ſhe playes and ſings above, Paulo *waits below:*
Many Gallants paſſe over the ſtage gazing at her.
Piſo *is received in by* Paulo, *after him a French*
Cavalier then a brave Spaniard, and after him a
glorious German. Paulo *takes fees of all as they*
enter the houſe.

The Song ended, *Paulo* appeares above with *Victoria.*

Vict. Now *Borgio*, how ſpeakes your muſter roll?
What? are you full?
Pau. I have an army royall
Of Princely ſpirits, ready for incounter.
Vic. But one at once good *Borgio*.

I ſhowd you late; where ſhee has daily prayers.
Theſe women, whom ſucceſſively I ſerv'd,
Fell not by raſh adventure unto all
Great *Fortunes* offers; but by ſound adviſe
(Which kept their Bodies ſound and 'rich'd their coffers)
Were long e're they embrac'd; by which their price
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Me of the value of that ſum propos'd.
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Vic. So now about our buſineſſe.
Some of my viſitants I know are neare,
Wayt circumſpectly *Borgio*.
Pau. You need not doubt me. *Exit.*
Vic. There is ſome hidden vertue in this fellow,
Or dangerous ill: but whether let it be;
As was my Birth my purpoſe ſhall be free.
Make fit my Chamber *Jaconet*. But firſt
Give me my Lute; and ſet me for the ſigne
Of what I meane to be, the fam'd *Novella*.

Song.

Whilſt ſhe playes and ſings above, Paulo *waits below: Many Gallants paſſe over the ſtage gazing at her.* Piſo *is received in by* Paulo, *after him a French Cavalier, then a brave Spaniard, and after him a glorious German.* Paulo *takes fees of all as they enter the houſe.*

The Song ended, *Paulo* appeares above with *Victoria.*

Vict. Now *Borgio*, how ſpeakes your muſter roll?
What? are you full?
Pau. I have an army royall
Of Princely ſpirits, ready for incounter.
Vic. But one at once good *Borgio*.

Pau. I have encamp'd them each in ſeverall quarter.
Here lies the no leſſe politick then ſtout
Italian force, and there your ſprightly *French*;
Here the brave *Spaniard*, there the *German* bold;
Here the *Polonian*, and *Sclavonian* there;
Perſian and *Grecian*——

Vic. Pray thee hold. No more.

Pau. 'Tis not your houſe can hold, (would I admit 'em)
One of each ſeverall nation would throng in
To make his battery on your virgin Fort.
The rich *Piazza*, on her greateſt Mart
Boaſts not more Nations; nor St. *Marke* himſelfe
The underſtanding of more Languages
Then I (could I find houſe-roome) could receave,
To be made one by your interpretation
O what a Daring glaſſe is ſparkling beauty;
Fetching ambition from above the pitch
Of towring Eagles, or Sky-touching Larks
Down with a glance into the Nets of Love!

Vic. Praythee ſpeake nearer home, who haſt thou hous'd?

Pau. I have cull'd from the pack a ſpeciall prince;
Foure glittering Gallants; one of *Italy*,
For our deare Countries ſake; But then a *Monſieur*,
A joviall French-man, all of flame and ſpirit.

Vic. I ſhall not dare to meddle with his glory
For feare I fall with *Semele*, who next?

Pau. A *Spaniard* next, that, to adorne his pride,
Weares an Epitome of both the *Indies*.

Vic. I ſaw his punctuality paſſe by.

Pau. And did you note his ſtiffe reſervedneſſe?
He dares not cough for breaking of his chaine,
But then there is a *Dutchman*, (*Cargo luſtick!*)
A jolly ſtrong chind *German*, princely borne;
A *Landsgrave* at the leaſt; whoſe very bluntneſſe

Promiſes

Promiſes more then the ſharp-ſet *Italian*,
The fiery *Frenchman*, or the doughty *Diego*
In all their eager purſuit.
Vic. That man *Burgio*!
You have beſtowd them all in ſeverall Roomes?
Pau. O like fierce Beaſts, from ſent of one another.
Vic. Then firſt, in faire requitall of the Muſick,
I doe imagine ſome of them beſtowd
On me, this morning e're my Love appeares
To feed their eyes, let Muſick feaſt their eares. *Exeunt Om.*

ACT III. *SCENE* I.

Piſo, Victoria.

Pi. WHy not me, Lady? ſtand not I as faire,
And fit for your embrace as any man?
Vic. Yes ſir, tis granted; and as acceptable
I yeild to none.
Pi. Tis but to try my Courtſhip, I preſume,
That you put on this coyneſſe, and to draw
More ample teſtimony of affection,
By Proteſtation, Prayers, Compliments;
The weakeſt ceremonies due to love;
Meere noyſe and Lip-labour, with loſſe of time.
I thinke with ſcorne upon ſuch poore expreſſions,
And am above the art of *Amoriſts*,
That cringe and creepe by weake degrees of *Love*;
To Kiſſe the hand, the Cheek, the Lip, then cry
O Divine touch! then ſmirk, and then embrace,
Then nuzzle in the *Elizium* of your boſome,
And be entranc'd! meanes fit for duller ſpirits,

To gather heat and ſtrength of appetite.
My deſire ſpeakes in *Loves* true dialect;
And, from my heart inflam'd, you may perceive
Loves fire rage in mine eyes, enough
To melt to yeildingnes a frozen breaſt.
In this I talke too much. I finde you yeilding.
Vic. And I my ſelfe too blame——
Pi. Let us retire then.
Vic. Miſtake me not good Signior. Keep your diſtance:
I blame my ſelfe to let you overweene
By my long ſilence, that immodeſty
To be in me, that might embolden you
To your and my diſhonor. Pray deſiſt,
And let the friendly welcome you have found
Perſwade your faire conſtruction.
Pi. Is this earneſt?
Vic. Yes in ſooth is it.
Pi. I'le be playner then,
What make you here i'th' *Smock-Faire*, precious Miſtris?
Or why theſe dreſſings, theſe perfumes and paintings?
Doe you weare the habit of our *Curtezans*,
And, by their art, call Gazers to your beauty,
Full of high hopes and flames of ardent Love,
Thus to delude, and make them witneſſes
Of a cold ſeeming *Chaſtity*? what new Art
Is this? it cannot be to get a husband!
Vic. Nor a child neither ſir, that's leſſe.
Pi. That's ſoone believ'd, yet, no diſparagement
To your expert ſufficiency in the trade:
For the beſt Carpenters make feweſt chips,
There's very few of all your function fruitfull:
Yet ſome there be approved men at armes
Famous in publique ſervice; and a many
Good handy craftſmen in the *Arſenall*
Bred by this bounteous City from ſuch mothers

That nere cou'd boaſt their fathers; and as many
Daughters (if they prove worthy in their feature)
Succeed their active Mothers in their fortunes.
Vic. You are better read then I ſir.
Pi. Tis common knowledge Lady. Nor do I
Read this t'informe your ſelfe, who were inſtructed
(I make no doubt) before your price was ſet,
By all examples to your preſent practiſe.
Vic. Sir, I muſt tell you now, you grow too laviſh;
So, as I feare foule language; to'avoyd which
Let me intreat a faire departure hence.
Pi. Lady, this overacted State might fit
The wife of a *Clariſſimo*, or the baſhfull
Daughter of ſome *Patrician*: but in you,
A piece ſet out to ſale, it but appeares
Affected ſingularity, more unſutable
To the temptations you weare about you
Then th'holy ſeeming pictures in your Chamber.
Vic. Why ſhould it trouble you ſir?
Pi. It dos, to thinke what new and ſecret aime
You may intend by this; in taking on you
The habit, and the name of *Curtezan*:
And, firſt, to ſet a price ſo far beyond
The ſtrength of any ordinary meanes;
And then to ſhew a carriage that may ſtrike
Luſt out of countenance! O the Knot's diſſolv'd!
O *Oedipus*! O *Sphynx*! I now have found it
You fiſh for Fiſhermen (tis pregnant truth)
Shee claps a Cardinall aboord at leaſt:
Tis not a Lay-mans purſe, or Learning can,
Or purchace, or confute you, iſt not ſo?
Vic. Now you are foule indeed, and I muſt plead
My priviledge againſt you ſir, you know
I have a freedome grounded upon cuſtome
Here in this City, for a moneth to make

Choyce of my Lodging, ſet what price I pleaſe
Upon my ſelfe; admit what viſitants
I ſhall thinke fit; no other, nor no more;
And this without controule, or leaſt exception
Of you or any man; ſecur'd by th' City,
So ſafe from out-rages, that leaſt abuſe
May, on my juſt complaint, be puniſhable
In whomſoever by affront dares grive me.
Pi. I feare ſhee'l prove another creature then
The Beaſt I tooke her for: ſhee knows her ſtrength.
Vic. Yet thus much (for you are a Gentleman)
I'le yeild for ſatisfaction unexacted:
If in this Moneths ſpace, in that honor'd way
(For I deſpaire not of a husband ſir)
Of holy Marriage, I be not promov'd;
Nor, by that time prefix'd, the great Son tenderd
(Great as you terme't) for my virginity;
And that I ſtoope for leſſe, here is my hand,
I will be yours as freely as mine owne
At your own price.
Pi, Said like a noble Wench,
Onely a word by way of friendly adviſe,
And ſo farewell. This Maydenhead of yours,
By you ſo highly priz'd; now being ripe
(And therein only merchantable ware)
Will, if you overſlip the ſeaſon, grow
Sodainly fulſome, ſtreight way ſtale, then Rotten:
Think upon choyceſt Fruit, or Foule, or Fiſh,
Rich Wines, or any Rarity; how ſoone
Their vertue's loſt.
Vic I am enough inſtructed.
Pi. Once more farewell---pray ponder on theſe things.
Vic. Feare not I ſhall.
Pi. Could you conſider how 'twould grieve a ſoule
Indued with Reaſon, Knowing, the true uſe

Of *Nature's* delicates, to ſee 'hem loſt,
Or ſpoil'd for want of ſeaſonable taking,
I know you would, and thanke me for my counſell.
Vic. Indeed and ſo I doe.
Pi. Indeed farwell then. *Exit.*
Vic. Hee's gone, at laſt the tedious ſtorme is over.
I ſhall want day, as well as patience
T'indure and anſwer all the reſt ſo largely,
See my ſprightly *Frenchman!* I muſt looke
For a hot Onſet now, though a ſhort Skirmiſh.
Enter Horatio like a French cavalier, Paulo preſents him.
Hor. Let me in my approach admire that Object
That vindicates the voyce of Fame, in proving
Shee was no Lyer in the lowd reports,
That blaz'd it for the Beauty of the World!
Vic. Good ſir beware idolatry.
Hor. The *Egiptians*,
Would they forbeare their wonted heatheniſh worſhip,
And fall in adoration of this face———
Vic. Indeed i'le heare no more.
Hor. Lady you muſt,
You are ſo farre above the pitch of flattery
That higheſt courtſhip in our beſt of Language
Wants due expreſſion of your ſupreame graces:
And not to tender you the heighth of prayſe
Were mere Ruſticity, rather prophanation.
Vic. Yet. Let me ſtay you there, and let me tell you
You have worded well your high conceipt of me,
But in a way ſo low, ſo undeſerving
A courtiers art, that I have found you none.
Hor. No Courtier Lady?
Vic. No, no Courtier ſir,
How can it fall in courtly underſtanding
That beauty can be conquerd by it's praiſe?
It breeds but leſſe reſpect, and oft times ſcorne

From thoſe that are ambitious of praiſe
On ſuch praiſe-givers. And if you came onely
Thus to pronounce my praiſe, you have ſaid enough.
Hor. Nay deareſt Lady, ſaving your diſpleaſure——
I muſt come cloſer to her, ſhee'l forget *Aſide.*
Shee is a whore elſe.
Vic. Sir, your further pleaſure
Hor. To tell you, Lady, now I like your wit
Equally with your beauty; briefly of which
A word or two, and ſo unto our buſineſſe.
(You tax me with the loſſe of time already)
You doe conſider fitly, that to praiſe
What we would purchace makes the value higher:
It is the chapmans rule to diſcommend.
Vic. Right ſir, were you to buy a Horſe or Jewell,
You would not praiſe it paſt the price propounded.
Hor. Yes, where I finde the worth exceed the price.
Vic. (I am betray'd. Hee brings the Money ſure) *Aſide.*
Hor. And, that you know I doe eſteeme your worth
Above all Salary, I yeild my ſelfe,
Fraught with unvaluable Love and Honor
To be the due reward of your embraces.
Vic. What's this ſir, to a thouſand double Duccatts?
Hor. You cannot thinke ſo poorely, or if ſo,
Perceive them in a taſte of my endowments.
Firſt ſee my late compoſure; where the flame
Of the ſoule-raviſhing art of *Poeſy*
May light your judgement 'bove the love of money.
Vic. You'l ſay my ſoule is noble, then if I
(As I proteſt I doe) complaine the wants
Of even the beſt profeſſors of that art.
The words are ſet.
Hor. To notes my voyce can maſter?
Vic. Pleaſe you to read 'hem ſir, and in requitall

Of such a debt, my mayd shall sing 'hem for you.

Enter Jacconetta.

Jacconetta, observe this Dity.

Hee Reades the Song.

Let not the corrupted steame
Of invective breach blaspheme,
Ladies for those artfull graces
Which they lay upon their Faces:
Cerusе *and* Vermillion *there*
As aptly may be layd,
As (to cover Nature *bare)*
All other parts be clad.

Be wee sick in any part,
Pain'd, or Lame, we seeke to Art,
(Nature's Rector) to restore
Us, the strength we had before.
Who can say a Ladies Face
Lesse meriteth the cost,
Or the priviledge, or grace
Her other parts may boast?

Ladyes no, since Time may steale
Natures bounty, learne to heale;
And with nimble hand repaire
Teeth and Lips, Cheeks, Eyes and Haire;
Filling Wrinkles, purling veynes:
That unperceav'd may be
Upon your lookes, the stroakes and paines
Of Age and Casualty.

Vic.

Vic. Now try your voyce, Maide.

Jac. Sings.

Hor. However 'twas well Sung, you seeme to slight
In such requitall, my esteeme of you:
But yet there rests in me a quality,
I may suppose not so to be requited.
Please you command your Musick, I will Dance,
To what you first shall name of latest practise.

Vic. Your skill hath made you confident; and I
Do so much honour these endowments in you,
That I my selfe will answer you in this.
Name you the Dance sir.

Hor. To come the closer to you, the *Novella.*

Vic. I am but weakly practis'd yet in that.

Hor. Some other then.

Vic. No let it be the same.
Goe play it *Jacconetta*, the *Novella.* *Exit Jac.*

Hor. I doe begin to doubt my qualities
Will not passe here in payment at the rate
My schooling cost me, when shee repayes all
I can bestow, in the same coyne againe:
But since I'm in, i'le on, and make the best
Both Face and Legs I can in't.

Dance.

Hor. How like you it Lady?

Vic. For so much sir as you have excell'd me
I crave your kind acceptance of my thanks.

Hor. I still had rather you were pleas'd to accept
Me and my whole deservings. I come to you.
If you esteeme of Courtship, Language, Quality,
Sorting a Gentleman of best degree,
The Mixture of whose knowledge with his practise
Cost thrice your golden Son; let me and those
Be made the meed of your most sweet enjoying.

Vic. I will not make you such a loser sir,

But rather wiſh you had your money againe
Thoſe excellencies coſt.
Hor. You doe not flout me Lady?
Vic. No, i'le ſpeake plainly ſir, theſe qualities
Might on ſome thriving Stage, and lucky legs
Bring you your money againe, winning, perhaps,
The love of ſome old Lady, by ſtirring up
The embers of affection, rather luſt.
Hor. Did ever woman talke ſo?
Vic. But certes here
They will not paſſe for ready money ſir.
Hor. I dreampt as much. Shee has a devilliſh wit.
Vic. My curteſie ſir forbids me bid you hence;
But having private buſineſſe of my own
I muſt crave leave to leave you to the thought
Of what two thouſand Duccats are. *Exit.*
Hor. Be hand'd.

Enter Paulo.

Pau. Is it perform'd ſir? have you done the feat?
Hor. Pox o' your Feates.
Pau. Juſt as the Muſick playd I warrant you
Sir, 'twas a moving Leſſon; playd to th'life.
We ſtruck it home, that you might do ſo too.
Hor. The Rogue, too, jeeres me! ſir I ſhould doe well
To ſtrike, or beat your undeſerv'd Fee
Out of your bawdy Pocket.
Pau. As if you had not done the doe you came for!
What pretty wayes can Gentlemen find out
To ſave their moneys! 'Tis worth praiſe in ſome,
That have but little, or come hardly by't,
By travaile, ſtudy, or laborious toyle,
Deare ſhifts ſometimes, and dangerous wayes with hazard——
Hor. Very good!
Pau. But for you Gallants, that have, as it were

Wealth

Wealth above wit borne with you, and ſtill growing
Up with you, paſt the reach of your expences;
And never ſweat, but for your exerciſe,
Or what your exerciſes bring you to!
For you to thinke your pleaſures coſtly; faine
Excuſe for petty fees, now the great charge
Is paid, and your deſire ſatisfied——
Hor. No more.
Pau. Alas ſir, what is a poore Duccatoun
After a thouſand Duccats?——
Hor. Ha' you done?
Pau. Would you had not; leſſe my reward were better.
See, ſee, the bed made ſmoth againe and all!
(O precious craft!) as here had nothing been!
Well would yee were all as wiſe in greater matters.
Hor. Tis the Rogues humor: I will give him ſomething
For abuſing me. There's your Duccatoun
To worke more affability in your Miſtris
Againſt my next approach.
Pau. It ſeemes then yet
You are not cloyd with her deliciouſneſſe.
Hor. Nor had one taſt (I ſweare by life and honour)
Of all my hopes, more then her Hand and Lips.
Pau. Have you not in that a double meaning ſir?
Hor. I vow, for ought I know ſhee is a virgin.
Pau. Y'have ſatisfied me, and perhaps my art
May in your abſence worke a little for you.
Hor. Thinke of me then.
Pau. My profit pricks me to it.
Hor. Reſpect it then, Adieu. *Exit.*
Pau. Serviteur Monſieur.
The feare of thee is paſt. I was almoſt
In a cold ſweat: but all the danger now,
Lyes on the tother ſide o'th' houſe; my Don
My hot Goat-liver'd *Diego*, ſhould he now

Diſcharge his Piſtols on her, they would prove
More forcible then Cannon-ſhot on me.

Enter Pedro, Victoria.

Faith quit me of ſuſpect. How big hee lookes!
As if he ſcorn'd repulſe. If he grow violent
I'le bring the Duchman in to coole his pride,
And ſet them by the eares for our *Low Countries. Exit.*

Ped. I have not in all *Spaine* (where Majeſty
Enthroned ſits upon the brow of beauty,
And crowne the Ladies with prerogative
'Bove all the women of the Earth) incountred
With ſuch a ſcorne, as here. Diſcourteous woman,
Worthleſſe and ignorant of the weighty truſt
Was tenderd to thee in my blood and honour.

Vic. Your blood and honour, will not feed or cloath mee.

Ped. I will not change a word more with a mouth
So full of rudenes, and mechanick baſeneſſe.

Vic. Not upon my ſubmiſſion ſir ?

Ped. It muſt be great and ſodaine if it move me.

Vic. Hee lookes that I ſhould kneele and beg a Kiſſe.

Ped. Why ſeeke you not to expiate your treſpaſſe
By tender of your ſelfe to my embraces ?

Vic. I cannot doe't : My virgin Modeſty
Denyes that freedome.

Ped. I'le no more delay,
I ſee tis only force muſt conquer you.

Vic. You will not raviſh me ! within there ! help !

Enter Paulo, Jacconetta.

Pau. What ! is the great ſome tender'd ?
Doe you want hands to tell your money Miſtris ?

Vi. No, to take off the hands of Rape and Outrage
This proud imperious Spaniard grip'd me with.

Pau. Signior you muſt not gripe nor grope here
Under the ſum prefix'd ; two thouſand Duccats.

We

We have arithmetique to receave them by
In your own Piſtolets, or peeces of Eight
In Rialls, if you pleaſe; but not one ſingle one
To be abated, my moſt thrifty *Don*;
Whom I cannot abuſe enough me thinks,
I have ſeene one in your ſhape ſo well preſented.
Ped. Villaine, i'le have thee whipp'd for this affront,
Thy fault is puniſhable by the Law.
Pau. Not in defence of honour deare *Don Tarquin*.
Preventing Rape and Murder.
Ped. Villaine die. *He drawes*
Pau. Not at this diſtance ſir, *Piſtoll.*
Beſides here's ayd.

Enter Swatzenburgh.

Swa. Hence you Muskitta. Give a look more this way
I'le force thee take thy wings out at the window.
Ped. Borne down by *Bravoes*! let the place protect ye,
By my few minutes patience. My revenge
Shall ſhortly ſpeake in thunder.
Swa. Hold your peace;
And vent not here your lowd *Rodomontadoes*
Leſt I ſpit lightning.
Ped. Well ſir I am ſilent.
Pau. Be ſo my politique *Don*. This *Hans* has ſnapt her;
The Dutch man carries her from your great claime;
And this may be an ominous portent
Againſt your title to the *Netherlands*,
It may hold in the great worke ſir, as well
As in this ſmall aſſay.
Ped. Abus'd and Jeer'd!
Pau. Nor they heare me not my noble *Signior*,
I'le tell you for your ſatisfaction
This *Alinanie* is a younker that would marry her,
And ſhee nor I durſt beare it otherwiſe,
(Knowing by chance he ſlipp'd into the houſe,

And

And overheard us) when you come againe
I will informe you further, you ſhall finde
My information worthy of a fee.
Ped. Take from my hand a peece of foure Gazetts.
Pan. That's three pence ſterling, you are bounteous ſir,
So, now, looke bigge and vaniſh. *Exit Pedro.*
Vic. I have not ſir, in my ſhort ſtory ſtrayd
In the leaſt ſillable from truth, and were
The eyes of all the world fix'd upon
My ſeeming Levity, my mind ſhould be
Still conſtant as the center to that end
Reſerv'd in my free thoughts.
Swa. Why was the ſum, then, of two thouſand ducats
Proclaim'd the price of your virginity?
Vic. To keep the fleſh flies off, you know my aime ſir.
Swa. I find the noble Lady; nor can I
Further attempt a breach upon your honor.
Vic. Upon thoſe termes I pray ſir be my Gueſt,
I have by this time a ſlight Dinner ſtaying.
Swa. You favours make me bold.
Vic. See all in readineſſe *Jacconet.* *Exit Jac.*
Swa. I'le drinke a frolick Lady;
Mirth and good wine take me: My looſe deſire
Is to chaſt love refin'd by *Veſta's* fire. *Exit.*
Pan. Am I a prophet? ſure the Dutchman's tane
In a chaſt ſnare indeed. I did but forge it
For an excuſe to calme and rid the Spaniard,
And he ſeemes to prevent my fiction: yet
Preſumption ſhall not ſway me. Womens wiles
Are oft times paſt prevention, and men catch
Sence of the wrongs, which to prevent they watch.
Exeunt Omnes.

ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Flavia, Astutta with a Letter.

Ast. IF this move him not, nay prevaile not with him
To the accompliſhment of your deſire,
Would I were a man, both for your ſake and his,
Fla. What wouldſt thou do?
Ast. Firſt take away the cauſe
Of your Greene-ſickneſſe by killing him; then
Cure you my ſelfe.
Fla. What wonders thou wouldſt doe!
Ast. I, if I were a Man and able to doe what I
Now deſire (for I would have mine own deſire ſtill)
I would doe wonders indeed. Believe it Miſtris,
An able man that has but a weake womans deſire
Has an unknown thing; and may doe any unknowne
thing, for ought I know——
Fla. I pray thee leave thy idle pratle, and let
Me heare thy moving Letter.
Ast. Heare it then,
As your own Act and Deed, and quickly ſigne it.

MY deare Franciſco, *If you intend not my death, helpe me to breake Priſon this Night: Elſe tho' my Execution be appointed to morrow morning by a forc'd Marriage, I will prevent it by a ſpeedier Way, and by my own hand die,*

Yours and Love's Martyr.

Here, write your Name.

Ast.

Fla. But thou haſt ſet him down no meanes.

Aſt. That's in the Poſtſcript, marke,

The laſt minute that I will expect you ſhall be three in the morning, when from the back Window I will either fall into your Armes, or on my Death.

Fla. I thank thee good *Aſtutta.* O that the meſſenger
Would be as true to mee!

Aſt. If we cannot win her to't, tis but a Letter loſt,
How doe they, that have whole pockets full of 'hem
In readineſſe, to borrow money?

Fla. I pray thee peace.

Aſt. Why I doe not thinke there's any of 'hem within hearing.

Fla. Thou dallieſt with my feares.

Aſt. Fear it not Miſtris, ſhe is as ſure at ſuch a lift——
And ſo ſhee's come already.

Enter Nanulo, Franciſco, like a Pedler Woman with her Box.

Nan. Look you Lady, I told you true, here is the
Party, that has the Knacks and things; come
Open, open, and ſhew all.

Fra. Not before you good ſir.

Nan. Are you ſo coy of your toyes?

Fra. Your diligence were better ſomewhere elſe:
This prying into womens buſineſſes
Is ill ſir for your eye-ſight, and perhaps
May ſpoile your growth. Good Sir, I crave your abſence.

Nan. I muſt give way. Shee has a deviliſh tongue. *Exit*

Aſt. Miſtris, ſhee's for our turne I warrant you
I finde it by her aptnes to abuſe him.

Fra. Come Miſtris Bride,---Nay bluſh not, pretty one,
To take the name one day before your time.

Fra. I hate the Name, on thoſe accurſed termes,

That have prefix'd the time. Good *Astutta*,
Breake with her by your selfes; I cannot speake:
My teares forbid me.

Ast. I hope you will not offer it.

Fra. Come Mistris, see. What weep you, pretty one?
What! and the great good turne so near you? ha!
What will she doe to morrow night?

Ast. Even cry out right perhaps.

Fra. Perhaps so too; and laugh as fast e're morning,
Come Lady, come, hear me, and see my ware:
Tis from *Fabritio*, he, that noble Gentleman,
Dos not your heart leap now? Now but suppose
French chaines here of five hundred crowns a peece;
A rich Pearle Neck-lace, Saphire and Ruby Bracelets;
Variety of Jewells, and a Diamond work——

Fra. I hate their price and them, the Sender more.

Ast. Pray peace.

Fla. I cannot: let mee goe.

Fra. Pray stay sweet Lady,
I doe not say *Frabritio* sent such things,
I said I came from him, that noble Gentleman.

Fla. He is not noble.

Fra. Judge him by his presents,
And see the things he sends.

Fla. I would not heare
A mention of him; much lesse would I see
The least relation from his hated hands.

Ast. Pray Mistris see 'hem! Open your Box I pray.

Fla. Had she there *Lucrece'* Knife, or *Portias* coales,
Or *Cleopatra's* ashes I could embrace 'em.

Fra. Look you how near I fit you. See what's here (*A halter*
What a choyce chaine is this! and here's a Knife, (*a Knif*
As sharpe as that of *Lucrece*. And, for coales, (*a Viall.*
Here is a poisonous juice, whose every drop

Would

Would eat through Iron. Theſe *Fabritio* ſends you.
Fla. I doe accept them.
Fra. Stay; conditionally
If you refuſe another preſent here.
Fla. I muſt reject any from him but theſe.
Aſt. What a ſcorne's this! This Bawd nere ſcapes alive
Out of theſe doors. Pray whats' your other peſent?
Fra. Here Lady, look on't pray; examine't well. (*A Picture,*
And take or this or thoſe.
Fla. Ha! looke here *Aſtutta*;
The lively image of my love *Franciſco!*
Aſt. It is exceeding like him! what's the plot troe?
Fla. A thouſand kiſſes ſhall thy welcome be,
Happy reſemblance of my hapleſſe love;
As many thanks to you, good, vertuous Woman,
O let me fall and bleſſe the ground that beares thee,
And aske forgiveneſſe for my late rude treſpaſſe.
Fra. Recall your ſelfe, ſweet Lady, tender heart!
Fla. And could *Fabritio* (I can name him now)
Shew me ſuch Kindneſſe, and himſelfe ſo noble,
To ſend mee this?
Fra. On this condition (as I was to ſay)
That you embrace it in the memory
Of him your Love, namely his friend *Franciſco*,
And that you ever love, and onely him.
Fla. Ever and onely (though I thanke him for't)
He need not have urg'd that.
Aſt. Nor threatned theſe;
(Your Rope, here, and the reſt) had ſhe refus'd,
And to expreſſe their needleſſes the better
I pray returne them to him with great thanks.
Fra. 'Iwas his great care to worke mee to this Meſſage,
Fla. Let then the charge be mine. Here's forty ducats.
And could you but convey a Letter for me

To my *Franciſco*, take a hundred more.
Fra. Knew you but my deſire to further Lovers
You need not bid ſo much. Give me the Letter.
Fla. Seale it *Aſtutta.*
Fra. Then you know me not
I muſt be privy unto all I carry,
Where I meet doubts, I never undertooke.
Fla. Nay I dare truſt you (Read it if you pleaſe)
Fra Indeed you may. To wrong an innocence (*Reads*
So ſweet as yours were ſin inexpiable. (*it.*
Fla. But will you gi't him Faith? I never ſwore
Nor urg'd a body to an oath before.
Fra. Tis given already *Flavia.* Hence diſguiſe,
More yet? nay all ſhall off. Doe you know me yet?
Fla. O my *Franciſco*! *Shee ſwounds.*
Fra. Curs'd be this idle habit
In which my impious curioſity,
To make a tryall of her conſtancy
Hath wounded her ſo deepe with jealouſy
Of a miſtruſt in me, that now ſhee faints
Under the paſſion; and herhaps may die ſo,
Flavia! my Love! O——
Aſt. Slight what meane you ſir?
Fra. By all the bliſſe that a true Lover wiſhes——
Aſt. Will you hold your peace?
Fra. By all the oathes and practiſes of Lovers——
Aſt. Will you undoe all now?
Fra. I was not jealous of thy conſtancy,
Flavia! my Love, my Life! my *Flavia.*
Aſt. Will you loſe all you came for with your clamor?
Fra. Help me; for Love's ſake helpe to make her ſpeak,
Or but looke up-
Aſt. Wou'd you could old your peace;
Whilſt I looke down to ſcape diſcovery,

Shee'l

Shee'l come to her ſelfe againe, and you too; feare not
Tis but a qualme of kindnes, this.
Fla. Franciſco———
Aſt. Shee comes already.
Fra. Speake my *Flavia.*
Aſt. Pray doe you peace. Handle her handſomly,
And then all ſhall be well I warrant you,
You doe not know the danger, noyſe and nakedneſſe
May pull upon you, ſhould the Rogue
Dwarfe overheare you, we were all blowne up,
Which to prevent, all huſht while I goe down. *Exit.*
Fra. Be cheard my Love, I came to reſcue thee;
And hir'd this habit and the Pedlers craft;
Prayd for her abſence, and her ſilence too,
And caus'd a *Gondalo* wait at the back dore
In caſe I might ſurpriſe thee. Pray take comfort.
Fla. You need not bid, nor wiſh it in theſe armes,
Who ever praye's for thoſe in Paradiſe? *Bell rings.*
Ay me! How ſoon my feares controule my bliſſe?
I have blaſphem'd in my ſecurity,
And terror threats my downfall into torment.

Enter Aſtutta.

Aſt. Out, out alas my Maſter in all haſt———
Fra. What ſhall we doe?
Aſt. It is too late to aske,
Or now to d'on your Pedlers weeds againe:
Gather 'em up and fly into your cloſet,
Dreſſe him up there. Stay not to look about ye. *Exit Fra.*
I'le doe my beſt to keepe him back a little. (*Fla.*

Enter Guadagni, and Nanulo.

Gua None elſe to ſpeake with mee?
Nan. None but the merchanteſſe to fit my Miſtris,
Signior *Fabritio* ſent.
Gua. I thanke his care.
I ſee that all goes well. No croſſe but one,

That I forgot a writing, which in haſt
I am conſtrain'd to fetch. Now where's my Girle?
Aſt. Above ſir, buſy with the daintieſt things,
That er'e allur'd a virgin into wedlock.
Out with your purſe ſir, for you cannot ſee 'hem,
But they will raviſh you to large expence:
Beſides ſir, 'twill be fit you give her ſomething,
Coming ſo jumpe as 'twere into the Market.
Gua. I will not ſee 'em. Put the woman by
Into the Gallery, or ſomewhere remote,
Quick, quick, diſpatch.
Aſt. You ſhall not need to urge it. *Exit.*
Gua. No, no: my coſt is amply ſhown already:
And will be more, before the Wedding's over.
Without a needleſſe waſt in Gawds and Trifles, (*One ring*)
See who's at doore. *Exit Nan.*
A fathers care conſiſts not in expence
That is not qualified with providence.

Enter Nanulo.

Nan. Signior *Pantaloni*, ſir ſends after you
He and your advocates expect you in haſt
To bring away the Writing.
Gua. Say I am comming. *Exit.*
Aſt. What have you done with him?

Enter Flavia, and Aſtuta above.

Fla. Our haſt and feares could not find time to dreſs him
But I have lock'd him up into that preſſe.
Aſt. Your Father's coming up to ſeek a writing,
Pray Love it be not there.
Fla. I am undone then.
Aſt. Well hold your peace, looke bold and chearfully,
And be you ſilent, youth: nor cough, nor ſtink;
Nor let your feare run forth in ſtreames of urine
To make him thinke his *Aqua vitæ* ſpilt.
Gua. Where are you *Flavia*? *Within.*

Fla.

Fla. O me he comes!
Ast. Why speake you not?
Gua. Flavia.
Ast. You were best betray all with your sillinesse.
Gua. Why *Flavia* I say?
Ast. Here father, here sir,
You will not I shall answer for you when hee's here?
Come, look as nothing were, all will be nought else.
Beare up hee comes.

Enter Guadagni above.

Gua. Tis here that I would have thee *Flavia.*
Give me the Key of this presse here.
Fla. O Father, Father——— *Shee falls.*
Gua. What's the matter? ha!
Ast. Alas poore heart! you know sir, in her infancy,
You beat her once for losing of a Key:
For which shee trembles still, being ask'd in hast.
Are you a child still in your feares, and must
Be wed to morrow? Fy, fy upon you,
Shee thinks shee has lost it, but I saw her look it
Togither with a writing which you dropt
Out of this presse this morning, safe enough
Here in her Cabinet.
Gua. Tis like I let it fall.
Ast. Where is your Key of this? Give mee't, give mee't.
How hast and feare perplexes her! I could
Have pickt it open.
Gua. Doe, or break it open. *(Shee lets the*
Ast. Ay me the fruits of rashnes? See, tis fallen *(Cabinet*
With all her Jewells and your writing too *(fall out of*
Into the street. O my unlucky hand! *(the Window.*
Gua. Peace giddy headed harlot, watch that none
Take it away, while I runne to recover't, *Nanulo,*
Nanulo. *Exit.*
Ast. Will you be nimble yet to finde a way

By the back-dore into the *Gondalo.*
While I lock him and's man into the ſtreet ?
I know their haſt will leave the Keyes i'th'dore.
Quickly unpreſſe him ; and take as much gold
As you can carry, i'le along w'ye too.
Stay not to think, or thank me for my wit.

Fla. What ſhall we ſay ?

Aſt. Do as you are bidden, and ſay nothing.

Fra. Lovers ſhall ſaint thee ; and this day ſhall be
For ever callenderd to *Love* and thee. *Exit.*

Enter a Zaffie, taking up the Cabinet, to him Nicolo in a Zaffies habit.

Gua. Nanulo ! The Key to let me forth. *Within.*

Zaff. St. *Marke* and fortune make it a good prize.

Nic. Hands off Sir, that's not yours.

Zaff. Nor yours I am ſure.

Nic. Halfe part then brother *Zaffi.*

Gua. The Key I ſaw.

Zaff. Sir you are none oth' *Zaffi.*

Gua. Villaine, ſlave ! come open the dore.

Zaff. How came you by this habit ?

Nic. Perhaps to trie ſir how it will become me
When I have a minde to be as very a Knave
In office as your ſelfe, But ſhall we ſlip
Aſide, and ſhare, before the dog that owes it
Take the bone from us both ?

Enter Guadagni, Nanulo.

Gua. I feare you can be quicker in my abſence.

Nan. The fault was in your haſt ſir.

Gua. Took you not up a Cabinet, friends ?

Nic. Zaff. Not we ſir, we ſaw none.

Gua. O you watch well above there.

Nan. This fellow has it under his coat ſir.

Zaff. But who ſhall know't for yours ſir ?

Nic. May we be bold to aske what marks it has,

Or what's within it?

Gua. I'le have you ear-mark'd Villaines for your theft,
Know you not me?

Zaff. I cry your worship mercy, and am glad
I was your instrument to preserve this treasure
From this false counterfet.

Nic. Fortune has sent my master to relieve me.

Enter Pantaloni Checquino, Prospero.

Pan. Signior *Guadagni*, our Councell have thought fit,
For better confirmation of our act,
That it be past here in your Daughters presence
Together with my Son, whom I have sent for,
Why doe you seeme thus mov'd?

Gua. An accident hath crost me. Look you sir,
You have authority; Here's a Counterfet
(Deserves examination) would have rob'd me.

Nic. I sav'd you sir from being rob'd. Heare me aside
Sir——— *Nicolo whispers Pant.*

Gua. Carry this in; and send away the woman (*He gives*
Nic. Now do you know me. I have done the feat. (*the*
Pan. Hast treated with the Hangman *Nicolo*? (*Cabinet*
Nic. The *Carnifex* is fitted for your service, (*to Nan.*
In a most gorgeous habit of a Dutchman, (*who knocks*
And about five i'th' evening will be with her. (*at dore.*

Nan. *Astutta*! Madona *Flavia*! *Astutta*!

Gua. What's the matter there?

Pan. The best jest, ha, ha, ha.

Nan. You'l open the dore?

Gua What's that?

Pan. It will be mirth to morrow at our feast
To laugh our bellies full.

Nan. I am sure you heare me
Foole me. but not my master: he is here.

Gua. Why stay you there sirrah?

Pan. I let him goe: a merry harmelesse fellow

I'le anſwer for him. Hence, away, and ſhift you,
And quickly ſend my Son. *Exit Nic.*

Nan. The dore is faſt ſir, and they will not heare mee.

Gua. I feare I am undone. *Flavia*, *Aſtutia*, hoe!
Tis ſo, tis ſo, ſome Robbers are ſlipt in,
And now make havock of my goods and Daughter.

Pan. It is no dallying. Run and fetch a Smith *Ex. Nan.*
To force the Lock.

Gua. *Aſtutia*, *Flavia*! O this curſed chance
I feare will ruine me and all my hopes.

Enter Pedler Woman.

How came you hither?

Ped. Sir by good appointment
To bring Bride-laces, Gloves, and curious Dreſſings
To deck your Daughter on her Brideale-day,
To morrow as I weene, holds it I pray?

Gua. Were you not here before, and in the houſe?

Ped. If you could put it off ſir one day longer
I could ſo fit her with new faſhiond tires
That ſhee ſhould thanke me.

Gua: I fear a new, and further ſecret miſchief. (*Nanno*

Nan. Hence let me fall to earth; I may not ſee (*above.*
My Maſters fury riſe out of his ruine.

Gua. How gotſt thou thither?

Nan. By the back-dore which I found widely open.
O ſir your Daughter——

Gua. Raviſh'd or murderd is ſhee?

Nan. Worſe, worſe, by far ſir, ſhee is conveyd hence
The Neighbours from the windowes o're the way
Saw her, the Mayd, and a young Man take boat.
They gueſſe it was *Franciſco*.

Pan. How, how, how!

Nan. Loaden with Caskets ſir. Here's his *Deceptio viſus*,

The

The curſed cloak, that charm'd my honeſt care; *Nan. ſhows*
And here's his jugling Box, What toyes are theſe! (*the ha-*
Gua. O me accurſed wretch. (*bit, the cord, &c.*

Enter Nicolo.

Nic. O ſir, your Sonne!
Pan. Where is he? ſpeake.
Nic. Sir, no where to be found
In private let me tell you, he ſlipt forth
At foure i'th' Morning; ſir, when you and I
Were you know where. He caſt forth doubtfull words
Of a vagary he would fetch at *Rome*.
Pan. We both are wrought upon by helliſh Magick.
Gua. Devills are in this plot.
Chec Proſ. Thinke you of Devills?
Pan. Though you ſirs, being Lawyers, think there's none
VVe may both thinke there are, and fear 'em.
Chec. Forbear ſuch talke; and think upon the mirth,
The jeſt you have in hand againſt to morrow.
Pan. Sir, uſe your jerks and quillets at the bar.
Gua. Caſt there your petulant wit on miſery.
Chec. Sir, you miſtake, my counſell is to comfort,
Be not dejected, but ſeeke ſpeedy way
To circumvent the wit has wrought upon you.
Gua. Good ſir, your beſt adviſe.
Chec. Firſt charge this officer
Here, with this woman; who by'examination
May make diſcovery——
Ped. I can diſcover nothing but my ware ſir,
Nor part with that for leſſe then ready money.
Pan. Take her to cuſtody.
Zaff. Miſtris come with me.
Ped. VVhither? for what?
Zaff. You ſhall know that hereafter.
Ped. VVhat can I diſcover?
Pan. Away with her.

Ped.

Ped. VVhat can I diſcover ? *Exit Zaff. Ped.*
Chec. Into your houſe ſir now, and ſecure that;
Come, recollect your ſelfes, call home the ſtrength
Of your approved judgements, wee'l aſſiſt you.
Prof. You muſt be ſoddaine too in this your purſuit;
Adviſe and do at once, uſe no delay;
The ſpeedieſt courſe is now the ſafeſt way. *Exeunt Om.*

ACT IV. *SCENE* II.

Fabritio like the glorious Dutchman, Horatio, Piſo.

Fab. FOund you the Fort, then, ſo impregnable ?
Hor. Againſt all force of armes, or braines.
Pi. No way but by the down-right compoſition
Of the two thouſand Ducats to be enter'd.
Fab. Sure tis ſome noble wench then you imagine,
But my diſguiſe ſhall put her to the teſt.
Hor. I'm ſure ſhe jeerd me out of my *Monſieurſhip*.
Fab. Did ſhe, and all thy fine french qualities ?
Piſ. And is as like to make a skitter brooke
Of you in your Dutch ſlops. For if ſhe be not,
After all this, a cunning whore, i'me couzen'd.
Hor. Shee lives at a good rate how ere maintaind.
Pi. The ſecret way, man, by her commings in
Too common among women for their livings,
I'le not believe her wit and feature are
Allyed to honeſty.
Fab. Thou art no worſhipper of faire women *Piſo.*
Pi. No, If I worſhip any of 'hem more
Then in the Knee-trick, that is neceſſary
In their true uſe let me be eunuchiz'd.

Look

Looke here's your fathers Pimpe againe.

Hor. Now *Nicolo?*

Nic. Saw you my young Maſter Gentlemen?

Hor. Yes there he ſtands, tranſlated out of ſober *Italian* into high Dutch.

Nic. I ſweare he was paſt my reading,
Slight, he appeares as like the noted *Almaine*
Late come to town, if he had but his beard——

Fab. How like you this for a beard?

Nic. Moſt excellent!
But pray take heed your ſtay ſpoyle not the purpoſe
Of your diſguiſe.

Fab. Why what news *Nicolo?*

Nic. Your Father is in buſy queſt of you.

Fab. Then he dos miſſe me?

Nic. Pray *Phœbus* he miſſe as much of Madneſſe,
He and his vertuous brother old *Guadagni*,
Who miſſes too his Daughter. *Franciſco* has her.

Hor. Has he got her off?

Nic. And ſhee has got him on by this time: they
Are ſilly fooles elſe.

Pi. *Hymen* be their ſpeed.

Nor. But how I pray thee ſcap'd they?

Nic. Firſt, ſir, know
There's a ſtrange fellow without deſires to ſpeake w^t^ yee
I gueſſe hee is ſome *Bravo.*

Hor. A *Bravo* ſpeake with me?

Nic. Yes, and inquires here for my Maſter too,
And Signior *Piſo*, you are all known it ſeemes.

Pi. Come leave your fooling.

Nic. By mine Eares tis true.

Hor. Goe call him in, I feare no Knavery.

Pi. Your lodging protects me.

Fab. My diſguiſe me. *Puts on his falſe beard.*

Enter

Enter Nicolo, Paulo.

Nic. This is the Gentleman.

Pi. Tis the proud Braches whiske !

Pau. I cry you mercy sir, are you Signior *Horatio* ?
I tooke you sir this morning for a Monsieur.
I thanke you for my Ducatoun.

Hor. What ! Is shee come about ? Has shee sent for mee ?

Pau. Good sir ! are you here too ? I thank you sir,
You payd me your entrance, but no parting fee.

Pi. Prithee deserve no beating till thou hast done
Thy errand. What dost come for ?

Pau. Sir, to intreat this Gentleman to bring
With him one Signior *Piso*, and *Fabritio*——
Beyond my hopes ! Good sir, are you here too?

Fab. This is a Devill ! could he know me else
That nere saw him before ; in this disguise ?

Pau. Cry'mercy sir : you would not these should know
Nor shall they (I feare it not) but hark you sir.

Nic. What Familiars these Bawds are. They'l talke yee
Thus to Lords in private.

Pi. Sure he takes him for the Dutch loggerhead
We saw to day in the *Piazzo*.

Hor. So would any man : Hee has hit his shape so right.

Pau. I am sure I rejoyce in these Dollors, that you
Give me to day, and are as certaine, that
My Mistris wish'd a better dinner for you
For frighting of the Spaniard with your fireworks.
But, by your strangers it seemes you repent
The Marriage offer that you made my Mistres.
Fortune direct you to no worse a wife,
And so I leave you to your choyce.

Fab. I have found the error, and will make good use on't.

Hor.

Hor. Your buſineſſe then is to that ſtrangers ſir——
Pan. Only your ſelfe, and briefly from *Franciſco.*
Hor. *Franciſco*! where?
Pan. Where but at our houſe ſir? he and his Bride
Craving your company and thoſe Gentlemen
I nam'd unto you.
Pan. For no diſparagement unto their worths, ſir,
But private reaſons yet unknown to me
Wherein you ſhall be ſatisfied at your comming.
Hor. But are they Married?
Pan. I brought the Prieſt to 'em;
And ſaw them lawfully coupled, and before
Sufficient witneſſes, that ſaw 'em chamberd,
Shee was his own Church-ſure before I left 'em,
And he has made her Cock-ſure, ſir by this time.
Or elſe he is a Bungler.
Hor. Goe i'le follow thee.
Piſo is here.
Pan. But where is that *Fabritio*?
Pi. Wee'l finde him too. Jog you ſir on before:
You are no ſtreet companion for us.
Pan. I am gone ſir——*Exit.*
Hor. You have heard all *Fabritio*; what dee thinke on't?
Fab. Nothing; nor nothing will till I arrive
There at the full knowledge of all together.
Pi. But prithee hang thy Hangmans project now,
And beare us company in thine own ſhape.
Fab. Not for the price of the *Novella Piſo*,
I'le try her to the quick. You'l give me leave
To make prize of her if I can, I croſt not you.
Hor. We wiſh you ſafe aboard ſir.
Fab. On before then. *Exit Hor. Piſo.*
Now *Nicolo*; your diſguiſe againe oth *Zaffi*.
Nic. O, it is ready; and I know my quue.

Fab.

Fab. Who ſee me, in this ſtraine, ſeeme to outſtrip
The bounds of filiall duty, let (withall)
Their obſervation, by my juſt ends, gather,
Tis not to loſe, but to recall a father.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Victoria, Franciſco, Flavia, Aſtutta, Jacconetta.

Vic. NOw Lady, has your entertainment pleas'd you
In the *Novella's* houſe? is all well yet?
Fla. So well, that now come Father, Friends, and all
The friendly Foes that did oppoſe my bliſſe
I can maintaine my cauſe in theſe ſafe armes
'Gainſt all their Frownes and Furies.
Vic. And your Miſtris is over, too, I hope ſir
The place is not ſo dangerous as it was.
Fra. Lady your nobleneſſe ſhown in this great bounty,
Hath not alone wip'd off my foule ſuſpition:
But ſcor'd upon my breaſt an endleſſe ſumme
Of thanks; which I, unable to diſcharge,
Muſt not preſume to live, but as your Creature;
Nor will I further dare to tempt your goodneſſe
In deeper ſearch of what your reaſon was
(Paſt all my hopes and wiſhes) to provide
For me; I will not ſum in ſuch a ſcruple:
For ſure, I hold you for a power Divine
(Paſt all the fictions of the fabulous times
Faſhioning out the Gods in earthly formes)
Sent by the higheſt providence to helpe me.
Vic. You take too deepe a ſenſe of curteſie!
But ſee, are theſe your friends?

Enter

Enter Paulo, With Horatio, and Piso.

Fra. And let me beg
Your ſuffrage Lady, I may bid them welcome.
Vic. Your Bride and I will both ſupply you in it.
Neither of theſe is he they call *Fabritio*?
Pau. No, but hee's ſent for; and comes inſtantly. *Exit*
Fra. This is the Lady I am bound to ſerve.
Hor. And I to honour.
Vic. Setting aſide your ſuit ſir.
Hor. I cannot promiſe that.
Vic. And I doe wiſh
I had her double price in ready Duccats,
For what ſhe has done, and tother doe beſides.
Vic. You ſtill ſtand in your good conceit of me.
Pi. Yes, and I would ſo ſtand to't, ha——
Vic. You are a merry Gentleman.
Fra. I will not whiſper it. *Horatio*,
The woman that I dealt with for diſguiſe
Was wrought before by this moſt matchleſſe Lady
To croſſe the Match twixt *Flavia* and *Fabritio*;
And had undone it though I had done nothing,
And ere ſhe would condition with me,
Oblig'd me, by an oath, (in caſe we ſcap'd)
To bring her hither to this Ladies houſe.
I kept that oath, and here you find us welcom'd.
Pi. Then thou haſt done't, would I had ſtill the Duccats
To pledge thee here.

Enter Paulo, whiſpers with Victoria.

Vic. Wee'l talke of that hereafter.
Pi. What acted you, *Tit*, in this Comedy?
Ast. The Chambermayde, a kind of putter forwards,
Sir, to the buſineſſe.
Fra. Shee has done ſo well,
That, if a Match in *Venice* may be found
By my beſt care, i'le helpe her to a Husband,

For ſhee deſerves a good one.
Aſt. And if he prove not ſo, I am like to prove
A good one my ſelfe, and make him ſomething.
Pi. Thou wilt, I find it in a villanous caſt
Of that eye there.
Hor. And what thinke you of this? *By Facconetta.*
Pi. Even ſuch another, of another hue,
Shee has a deviliſh gloat too.
Vic. Gallants, I find you merry, y'are more welcome:
My man acquaints me with a preſent buſineſſe
Requiring privacy. Pleaſe you, with your friends
Goe up to the Bride-chamber. There is muſick.
Waite you reſpectively. *To Fac.*
Hor. Wee'l all obſerve you Lady. *Exeunt.*
Pi. But Lady, if you receive the Duccats
Before you come to us, pray bring our ſhares,
Wee all connive you know.
Vic. Pray be not jealous,
Follow your Friends, i'le follow you ſtreight way. *Ex. Pi.*
How dreames he of this money? he knows nothing,
An Engliſh Factor, ſay you *Borgio*?
Pan. Yes Miſtris, a brave fellow.
Vic. And is he ſo well money'd as to ſpare
Out of his Maſters truſt, ſo great a ſumme?
Pan. Oh hee's a maſter here himſelfe. They are
Abroad, the royaliſt Nation of the World.
What rich Venetian Rarity has not
The Engliſh Money-maſters purchac'd from
Princes and States, to beare home as their triumphs?
And for their pleaſures ——but i'le ſay no more;
Hee thinks I ſtay too long for him to wait
Without, with ſo much money.
Vic. Didſt thou ſee't?
Pan. Moſt brightly ſhining! Hee's now telling it
In the next roome! He comes not to tender

The value of it in fine qualities
Like your ſuppos'd *Monſieur* : but in caſh !
Caſh ! caſh of Gold ! Oh tis a tempting ſight ;
Able to damne a Noble womans honour.
What's your deſcent ? But poore I make no queſtion ;
Why, this will ſet you up and make you noble.
Vic. This way of his might ſerve to turn the blood
That has but any tincture of good in it
From touching ſuch a bait , yet he thinks now
He ſpurres me to it. But *Bravo* I will fit you.
Goe call him in, goe.
Pan. Now my Blood and Braine,
Be ſtrong and ſodaine, ſtay.
Vic. Why ſtop you *Borgio* ?
Pan. To ſee him weigh his gold. Oh dainty ſight !
He brought his weights in's pocket : juſt Gentleman
He will be ſure you ſhall not want a graine
Of your full price of ſweet damnation.
Vic. Hee's doing no ſuch thing.
Pan. No, no, I have it now.
Vic. I pray thee goe, thou knowſt not how the thought
Of ſo much gold, and the conceit o'th' Maydenhead
Loſt i' the houſe to day ſets my virginity
On edge now to be going.
Pan. Are you ſo ready ? then I fly.
Enter above, Piſo, Horatio.
Vic. What ayles the fellow troe !
Pi. I muſt yet have an eye upon this female
To quit my jealouſy, or catch her i' th' nick.
Hor. Here we may ſee, and heare all undiſcover'd.
Pi. Watch cloſe, he comes.
Enter Swatzenburg, like a Marchant with a full Bagge.
Swa. By your leave Lady, I come not a pure Sutor
(VVith ſtudyed Oratory ; nor addreſſe a Sonnet,

Or trifling Love-toyes to perſwade admittance
By ſlow degrees into your inmoſt favour)
But a rich purchacer, that brings, at once,
The golden Summe, and Price of your enjoying.
Here precious *Beauty*, made by this more precious!
Take your full due, and render readily
The full tuition of my wealthy purchace.

Vic. Now vertue guard me.

Pi. VVhat's that?

Hor. Shee invokes vertue.

Swa. Ha! why this delay?

Let not the glorious ſight of this amaze you,
Though it be granted, ſodaine apprehenſion
Of ſuch bright bleſſings may tranſport a ſoule
Into high raptures, when it is conſiderd,
The Ornament of youth, the ſtrength of age,
Lifes great maintainer, Lady, let not this
At all tranſmute you. For i'le bring ſupplies
That ſhall ſo frequently acquaint you with
Such ſights as theſe, that you ſhall grow regardleſſe
Even of the care to keepe them, in reſpect
Of the delicious pleaſure brings them in:
Delay not therefore that high purchac'd pleaſure,
That brings this to you, by a Minutes loſſe
To make it fully yours.

Vic. Sir I have heard you:

Enter Paulo behinde with piſtolls.

And now muſt let you know, tis not the ſight
Of that your glorious ſumme can take my wonder;
Much leſſe my love or perſon: my amazement
Is, that a man, that beares his Makers ſhape,
Indued with reaſon, to direct and governe
That goodly fortune; and has ſuch treaſure given him
(Beſides his greater bleſſings of the mind
By well diſpoſing o it) to advance
This worth in deeds of vertue, ſhould deſcend Below

Below the ſenſe of Beaſts, to part with that,
Allotted for his livelyhood and honour
To waſt it, and himſelfe in beaſtiall Luſt.
Swa. How's this?
Pi. I know not what to make o'this wench.
Shee preaches me thinks.
Vic. Beſides ſir, were it well examin'd,
The golden ſumme you tender is, perhaps,
None of your proper own: I underſtand
You are anothers Factor, I preſume
In all your Catalogue of Merchandiſe
You finde no warrant to buy Maydenheads.
Is ſuch a thing in all your bills of Lading?
They are no way tranſportable, tho' you allow
For fraught and leakage halfe the worth; and leſſe
Returnable by way of exchange. How can
You take up a virginity in *Venice*,
And make a *London* payment of it, on
Sight of your bill, or ſix or ten dayes after?
Pi. Good!
Swa. Nay then you dally with me, and I muſt
Deale plaine and briefly with you. Here's the price,
And either render me my juſt demand,
Or I ſhall take for your diſgrace an order
Shall ſpue you forth the City.
Vic. Now I feare
I am inſnar'd. I have but one way left
To fly from ſhame, or fall to utter Ruine.
Pi. I begin to ſuſpect her honeſt.
Swa. Your anſwer Gentlewoman.
Vic. Gentle ſir,
The Law hath made me yours. And I have now
No Court but Conſcience to relieve me in. *Kneels*
Swa. What may this meane?
Vic. If the ſtrong paſſion of a Virgin ſoule,

Expreſt in bitterſt teares, move not your pitty,
This ſhall prevent your cruelty. *A Knife*
Pi. Shee'l prove honeſt o' my life.
Swa. What meane you Lady?
Vic. Keepe at that diſtance ſir, and you ſhall know:
Come nearer, and I will not live to tell you.
Swa. Pray riſe and ſpeak your ſtory: yet I tell you,
I hold it very ſtrange, that ſo much money
And ſuch a one as I (none of th'unhandſomſt)
Should not goe down with a young wench, and one
Of the profeſſion you pretend to be of
Before cold Iron! Me thinks moſt unnaturall.
Thinke better yet before you utter further.
Vic. Indeed I may not.
Swa. Well, well, on then.
Vic. Tis true, I am indeed a meere pretender
To the profeſſion you ſuppos'd me of;
A ſpotleſſe Virgin (by my utmoſt hopes)
And will remaine ſo till I am a Bride.
Pi. Too honeſt to be a woman!
Swa. Why tooke you this deceiving habit then?
Vic. I am about to tell you for your pitty,
I am a *Romane* borne, of good diſcent;
My father noble (of the *Candiani*)
How ere decay'd in fortune, ere he dyed;
Which drew on my Misfortune: For, being betroth'd
Unto a wealthy heire, here, of this City,
Who ſojourn'd then in *Rome*, his covetous Father
Raviſhd his faith from me, to give't another;
And calld him haſtily from *Rome* to *Venice*.
I followd him, in hope to croſſe the Match,
And ſo regaine him; towards which already,
I have done ſomething.
Pi. *Fabritio's* wench my life on't.
Swa. VVhat in this habit, as a *Curtezan*?

Vic.

Vic. Not without good adviſe: For, by this meanes
I draw the eyes of all the youthfull Gentry,
Not without hope to gaine a ſight of him.
My price and port keepe back inferiour perſons.
Nor loſe I honour by it: For the ſtrictnes
Of our *Italian* cenſure gives a virgin,
That held familiarity with any Man,
By way of Marriage treaty, and then forſaken,
Loſt in repute; ſhee is no honeſt woman
Untill that man doe vindicate her honor.

Swa. But ſhould hee finde you here, what were his cenſure?

Vic. Here he ſhould find what his diſloyalty
Had wrought me to; and ſhould reſtore me firme
On my firſt baſis, or exchange a life
For mine ere we would part.

Swa. This ſounds yet well.

Pan. I'le truſt thee now. Thou art a noble wench,
Thou hadſt kiſs'd Death by this elſe. Now i'le truſt thee. *Exit.*

Vic. If he were loſt by Marriage of another,
I would remove with ſuch a teſtimony
Of my reſerved honour (in deſpight
Of this my outward carriage, for my ends;
Maugre the ſterne conſtruction of my countrey)
That ſtrangers ſhould receive me; and ſome one
More noble then himſelfe——

Swa. Take you to wife?

Vic. I ſhould not doubt.

Swa. Tis done, and I am he that does it.

Vic. I cannot ſir, but kindly take your offer;
But, if my firſt love faile me, there is one,
A noble *German*, that commenc'd his ſuit
To me this day.

Swa. I am he too Lady——Looke well upon me

That in this ſhift, reducing of my beard,
VVith this ſupply of money came to try you,
I finde you noble, and above it, honeſt.

Pi. This is the *German* that *Fabritio* apes.

Hor. And he ſhould come now.

Enter Jacomo to them above.

Jac. Gentlemen forbeare;
Indeed it is not civill in you to pry beyond
Your hoſpitable uſage, pray forbeare.

Hor. Tis timely chidden wench, we will obay thee.

Jac. Beſides the Bridegroome, and the Bride expect you.

Pi. O, ha they done, we come, we come. *Exit Hor. Pi.*

Vic. This jealous tryall now of yours (how ere
You have expreſt ſtrong arguments of love)
Has not augmented you in my affection.

Swa. O ſay not ſo ſweete Lady, i'le redeeme it.

Vic. I cannot yet believe you are the Man,
You are ſo chang'd from what you ſeem'd to day,
Muſt the minde alter with the outward habit?

Enter Paulo.

Pau. Miſtris the *German*——

Vic. Here he is man, he ſayes.

Pau. I ſay he is without, and craves to ſee you.

Vic. How can this be? or who can I believe?

Pau. Good ſir depart and make roome for your ſelfe
Your proper ſelfe to enter the Dutch Prince.

Swa. I tell thee I am he, and here already,
I am *Swatzenberg*.

Pau. Yes in your tother beard ſir.
Hans Snortanfart, are you not? well I can but warn you,
If you will needs ſtand to the taking off
A mans good name from him before his face,
Then take what followes, I will fetch him in
Miſtris, you were beſt be out of ſight a while:

Your

Your preſence with this ſtranger may whet up his fury
To cut all our throats elſe.

Vic. I'le take your councell. *Exit.*

Pau. For ſir i'le tell you, if you had but ſeene
How he worried a *Spaniard* to day, you would
Have beene able at your returne to make
As many of your Countreymen, as thrive
By ſerving of the *States* to laugh ifaith.

Swa. I tell thee I am he; 'twas I that chac'd
The *Spaniard* hence.

Pau. I tell you yet againe
You were beſt be gone before the He indeed
Come in to chace you after him.

Swa. I'le ſtand the hazard.

Pau. See his impatience pulls him in already.

Enter Fabritio in the Germans habit.

Fab. Where is this Lady? Dos her beauty flie me?

Pau. Shee is at hand, but firſt here is a ſtranger,
A moſt ſtrange ſtranger that ſayes he is you ſir.

Swa. Was oder wer biſtu? Biſtu ein Deutſcher? Sag mihr in was ort Du gelebſt haſt?

Fab. Who's this?

Swa. Ich denke du biſt ein heuchler; biſtu aber ein Deutſcher ſo anwort mihr in deutſcher ſprach.

Fab. Good ſir ſpeake in the proper language of
The Nation we are in, though it come brokenly
From you that this good fellow here may underſtand us.

Swa. Thou ſon of impudence, and impoſture, ſpeake;
What is thy end in this?

Fab. Thinke what thine owne muſt be, thou ſon of ſlander.

Swa. Precious counterfeit!
But I am weaponleſſe, and muſt fetch ſtrength
Of officers to right me. *Exit.*

Fab. What dos your ſhame remove you ſir?

Pau.

Pau. What can this Rascall meane?

Swa. I care not honest fellow, where's thy Mistris? Good Angells guard me.

Enter Victoria.

Pau. Dos shee fright you sir?

Fab. I aske thee for thy Mistris, the *Novella.*

Pau. What appeares shee to you?

Fab. Thou powerfull man in *Magick*, I will tell thee. Th'hast rays'd an apparition, that has damn'd thee Blacker, then thy black art; nay hell it selfe.

Pau. Blesse us! more madnesse yet!

Fab. The heavenly spirit, that inspir'd this forme, (When the unworthy world enjoyd her being, VVhich thou hast conjur'd into this lewd habit) Has, at this instant won the powers above To sinke thee and thy sorcerers.

Pau. VVhat may you meane? Here is no sorcery, This woman's Flesh and Blood.

Fab. I would not dare to try to be the Duke.

Pau. You may depart, pray hinder not the house.

Fab. Hadst thou but seen, as I have, one like her, And noted the divinity in her lookes (Although in those adulterate incitements Shee seemes to wear) she would have struck thy soule VVith fervent adoration, not base lust.

Pau. I know not what to say to 'him. *Bell rings.*

Vic. See who rings. *Exit Paulo.*

VVhat divine creature, sir, was that you mention'd?

Fab. I dare to name her to thee, though thou be Her incens'd Ghost, to worke me to despaire, It was *Victoria.*

Vic. This sounds most strangely! Have you beene at *Rome* sir?

Fab. 'Twas there I saw and lov'd her.

Vic. Answer me pray sir, why could not this fall

In your discourse to day, when I related
My Life and Fortune to you? why do you start?
I am no shadow; but suspect you rather,
To be not as you seeme, the noble *German*
That vowd me love, dos that too startle you?
See sir, to prove I am no aery spirit,
I'le trust your hand (if you be mortall substance)
With so much flesh and blood as may resolve you.
Fab. I find tis she, and having found her thus
Shee's lost for ever, and my selfe no lesse,
That was the cause of this her desperate fortune.
Vic. What's that you say? what aile you sir? how ist?
And what moves thy destraction? *Borgio*, speak.

Enter Paulo.

Pau. Horror and shame invades us, all the house
Is round beset with officers. The Magistrates
Are entring now, for what, or whom they search
I cannot guesse, unlesse this be some Murderer
Slipt in, to draw our lives in question.
Vic. Deale plainly sir, what are you? hee's stupified!
Pau. The Spanyard's with 'hem too that took th'affront
By the supposed Dutchman here to day;
And he that fain'd himselfe to be that Dutchman
Desires their aid against this unknown person.

Enter Pantaloni, Pedro, Guadagni, Swatz. Prospero, Checquino, Zaffi, Pedler-woman.

Gua. This is the house you say.
Ped. And this is the Gentlewoman.
Gua. Give me my Daughter, Harlot.
Vic. Here's no such creature, here sir, if she be
Your Daughter, this woman directed hither,
Shee is no Harlot, but an honest Bride;
Lawfully wed and bedded; as may appeare

By the ſtrong teſtimony of divers friends:
Call them all downe. *Exit Paulo.*

Pant. Unheard-of impudence! Are Bawdes, and VVhores
Fit Matchmakers for *Magnificoe's* Daughters?

Vic. Speake lower, or at home ſir, you know not
VVhat we are: Harke you ſir——your laſt nights triall
Did not enough informe you.

Pant. VVe ſhall know more anon;
I'th' meane time what are you?

Fab. A ſtranger ſir.

Pant. VVe ſhall know more of that anon too.

Ped. This is the ſtranger, that affronted me;
'Gainſt whom I crave your Juſtice.

Pant. You ſhall know more anon too.

Swat. And this is my Abuſer.

Pant. You alſo ſhall know more anon.

Gua. You are well met Gentle-woman——I gave you loſt.

Enter Paulo, Franciſco, Piſo, Horat, Flavia, Aſtutta, Jacconetta.

Aſt. VVhat will you whimper now? will not marriage
Make you bold, that makes ſo many impudent?
Shee was not loſt ſir; nor in danger of loſing,
Shee was but miſlayd a little, as your VVriting was to day.

Pi. VVell ſaid my chattring Magpy. I will ſide thee.

Gua. Audacious ſtrumpet that ſeduces my Daughter.

Pi. You are Miſtaken, ſhee did but wait upon her.

Aſt. Right ſir, and did but duty i'le be ſworne.

Ped. Nor I, I will be ſworne.

Gua. Not, in conſenting to the ſtealth?

Ped. It was my duty ſir for the reward,

VVe

VVee all would live you know.

Gua. VVill you be gone ?

Ped. I hope I am diſcharg'd : for looke you ſir,
I brought you where you finde your Daughter ſafe.

Gua. B gone I ſay.

Ped. No whit the worſe for wearing, as they ſay.

Gua. Goe thruſt her out of dores.

Ped. At my owne liberty I hope.

Gua. How thou wilt to be rid of thee.

Ped. May you ſee your Childrens, Childrens, Childrens, Children. *Exit.*

Pant. And thou miſledſt my Sonne, I aske him of thee.

Pi. You ſhall know more of that anon ſir.

Pant. Out-brav'd and ſcornd by Strumpets, Bawds, and Bravoes !
Call in the Officers.

Pi. And call the common Hangman if you pleaſe,
And end all 'mong your ſelfes, if your grave wiſdomes,
And Lawyers, here, can find one guilty perſon (*Horatia and*
VVee'l all ſubmit our necks to you. (*Franciſco, &c.*
Gua. Tis boldly ſpoken. (*talke aſide with*
Pi. I will ſpeake but truth. (*Fabritio and*
And you, oppoſing it, ſhall wrong the dignity (*Victoria.*
You beare i' th' City, to your utter ſhames.
This Gentleman and your Daughter were contracted,
Your ſelfe a willing witneſſe ; your Son likewiſe
Unto a noble virgin (Sir of whom
You ſhall know more anon)
It pleas'd diviner providence to take
From eithers choſen mate their earthly fortunes ;
Yet each had perſon, blood, and vertue left
Above the value of a Princes dowry.
VVould you ſo Kick at heaven then, in deſpight
Of its great Ordinance, as to force your children,

To forfeit both their faiths, thereby to loſe
The never-fayling hope of future bleſſings,
To pull withall a curſe on your own heads,
That could no leſſe then ruine your eſtates,
And render you moſt wretched in your dotage,
Paſt helps or hope how to relieve your ſelfes:
Your conſciences ſtill groaning underneath
The laſhes that your Childrens baſtard iſſue
Should lay upon you? more, you may conſider——

Pant. We doe conſider ſir, this place and people
No fit receipt for warrantable buſineſſe.

Pi. This was no bawdy talke ſir, nor have I
Heard worſe from any mouth in this free place
Till your arrivall here.

Vic. I cannot be ſo happy. } *Aſide.*
Fran. Let her ſee your face. }
Vic. O my *Fabritio*—— }

Pan. You ſee the worſt of us, I ſhould be loath
Any unwarrantable act ſhould paſſe among us.

Gua. Thou lookſt like one indeed of upright Conſcience!

Pan. And for the Marriage ſir, it is as lawfull
As if your ſelfe had given her in St. *Marks*.
I'le fetch the Prieſt t'avouch it.

Gua. Fetch that Prieſt. (*Paulo joynes*
Pan. But i'le be ſo reveng'd (*in conference*
Upon this inſtrument, this unknowne Trull (*with Victoria*
here—— (*and Fabritio.*

Hor. Our Eares and Eyes, *Fabritio*, witneſſe for her.

Fab. You have told me wonders,
Yet with ſuch faith as I ſhall ever wiſh
Lockt in this heavenly Cabinet I take all.

Pi. You may *Fabritio*, for as I prize Life;
Honour 'bove that; and above both thy friendſhip,
My ſoule is not aſſur'd of firmer truth,

Let

Let thy Dutch habit drinke off jealousy,
And take her to thee.

Fab. 'Tis done my *Piso.*

Vic. And I made happy past my height of hopes. (*Kiss.*

Pant. Good, you shall see how I shall coole those Kisses.

Pan. May I say boldly you are man and wife?

Fab Vic. We are most faithfully till death;
I'le fetch a Priest shall streight pronounce yee so. *Exit.*

Pant. You say that is a Dutchman sir, that wrong'd you.

Ped. Right, worthy *Signior*, that's the man I Challenge.

Pant. You say you are the man confronted *Don* here.

Swat. Yes, and will still mayntain't, for violence
He offerd to that noble vertuous Lady.

Pant. Good! vertuous Lady! Let mee joyne your Friendships.

Ped. Swa. You have done it sir.

Ped. That is the man I challenge.

Swa. The same man I. He has not left the house
Since my abuse; I feare to her much wrong:
For he is some disguis'd Knave on my life.

Pant. Now you are in the right.

Swa. Hee could not weare those Cloathes and speake no *Dutch* else.

Pant. Still i' the right; i'le shew you what he is,
And out of him, what shee is, whom you call
So vertuous and so noble! and you sir,
That mentioned the Hangman, come all and see
The commendable port this Lady beares.
It seems, sir, you affect this Gentlewoman.

Fab. The best of any living.

Pant. And you him Lady?

Vic. Yes, he is my husband.

Pant.

Pant. Would that were true ifaith. The rogue your man
Sayd he would fetch a Prieſt ——

Enter Paulo in Friers habit.

Pau. No verier Rogue then my ſelfe ſir,

Pant. Thou art a mad fellow for a Prieſt indeed;
But ſuch a Prieſt, ſuch a Marriage,
Put 'em together.

Pau. I doe pronounce them lawfull man and wife.

Pant. The Bridegroome thankes you, but you Miſtris
For the fine trick you put on me laſt night, (Bride
Looke now upon your husband,
Who would you ſpeake with fellow?

Enter Nicolo, as the Zaffi.

Nic. With Signior *Raſtrofico* here, the Hangman,
I come to call him to State-buſineſſe ſir.

Pant. Can this be he? (you ſaid he was a counterfeit)
I ſaw him ride the Wooden-horſe, laſt day
With leſſe then halfe this beard, unbeard him ſirrah.
I'le beare you our. So reſt you Gentlemen
With your ſo vertuous Lady, and her husband.

Hor. Pi. &c. Fabritio!

Vic. Sir I muſt crave your pardon, This is he,
My firſt love that I told you of.

Swa. You have it freely Lady.

Pant. I am abus'd and couzend.

Vic. I thanke you ſir for all the harme you did me
In your Revenge——And harke you, be at peace,
And i'le be ſilent for your laſt nights worke.

Gua. Forbeare mee, I am off againe.

Fran. Good ſir,
Stop not the bleſſing you were about to give us.

Gua. I am off againe. The pandare was the Prieſt,
The Match is no Match, you no more my Children,
But Knave and ſtrumpet.

Pant. I'le not be ſo couzend.

This is no Priest; and all that's past unlawfull
Pi. You will know more anon! (*Paulo*
Pau. Then cast your eys on me, who dare maintain (*casts*
My Priest-hood lawfull; it being deriv'd (*off his Perruk*
From th'holy Order of St. *Augustine*? (*and Beard.*
Vic. Let me not surfet with excesse of joy?
My brother *Paulo*!
Pau. Thy brother and thy father, vertuous sister:
Be ever subject of my dearest care;
And pardon me, who (jealous of thine honour
Inflam'd by the same heart, of the same blood:
For we are all the Relicts of our Parents)
Watch'd nearely, and pursu'd thy scape from *Rome*.
For which I had good warrant, Gentlemen
See there my dispensation with th' allowance
Of all the holy brotherhood of my *Covent*.
My ends were faire, though in this uncouth way
Tho' (heaven I beg thy pardon) as my care
Was to preserve her life and more her honour;
Fearing her violent and abused spirit,
Might have made wrack of either, or of both,
I once had secret purpose to have ta'ne
Her Life, in case shee had forsooke her honour;
And with her cut off *Candianies* Line,
Which now branch'd here, may touch the worlds end
With faire succession! Be you blest for ever.
And now, grave sirs, let me intreat your likings,
And cheerefull reconcilement to your Children:
That so you may your Childrens, Children see,
Crownd by the prayers of your prosperity.
Gua. I am content.
Pant. And I, but for one scruple
Cleare me this point, how had you sav'd your honor
If the old youth, last night (who shall be nameless)
Had but mis-spent his time upon your moore here?

Vic. 'Tis eaſily done ſir, ſee my lov'd *Fabritio*
The Eunuch moore you gave me.
Fab. My boy *Jacomo*, turn'd Chambermayd!
Has thy Miſtris us'd thee well?
Vic. Not without much deſert.
Jac. Shee meanes for your deare ſake ſir.
Fab. I ſee, ſweete Heart, you have an honeſt Family.
Vic. Here you ſee all, and all that came i' th' houſe;
(Since it was made mine) in this Convention,
I dare them not; but give them freeſt leave
To ſpeake the worſt they found in the *Novella*.
Omnes. Wee all conclude y'are noble.
Pan. All's well accorded then. Wee all are Friends,
And may Prieſts travaile never to worſe ends.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

CAuſe 'tis the Cuſtome, By the Poet, Sirs,
I'm ſent to crave a Plaudit, and the Spurrs
That prick him on to't, is, his promis'd Pay
May chance to faile, if you diſlike the Play,
But don't if you be wiſe; for hee has vow'd
To write farre worſe if this be not allow'd.

FINIS.